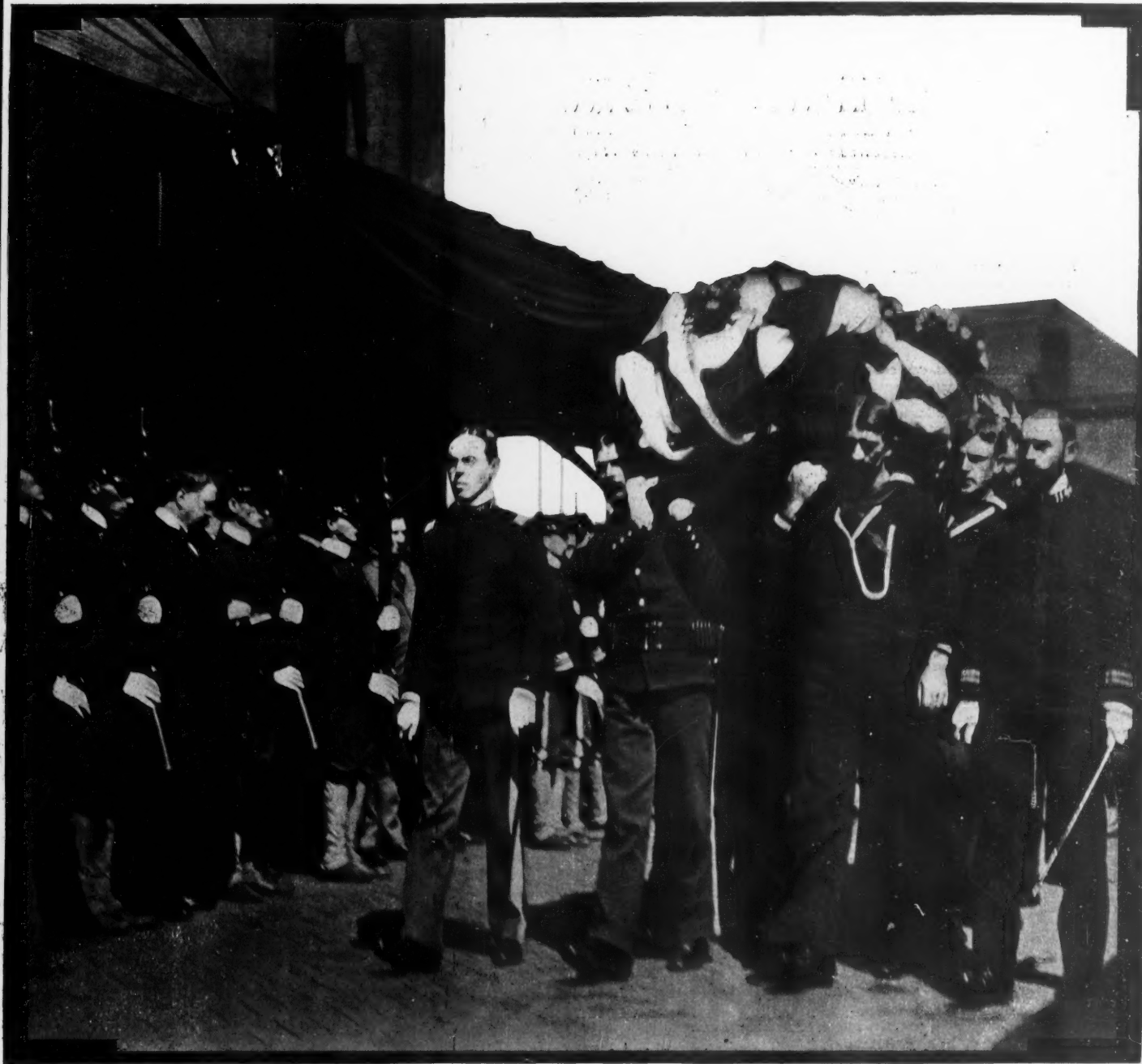


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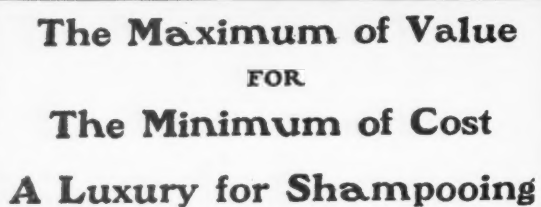
NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 28 1901

PRICE TEN CENTS



HOME!

"NO SUCH SPECTACLE OF SORROW AS WAS TO BE SEEN WHEN THE TRAIN DREW INTO THE CANTON STATION ON WEDNESDAY MORNING HAD ANY ONE THERE PRESENT EVER BEHELD. WHEN THE CASKET WAS LIFTED OUT OF THE CAR A WAVE OF WEeping RAN THROUGH THE MULTITUDE. THE GRIEF OF ONE APPEARED TO CATCH FIRE FROM THE GRIEF OF ANOTHER. WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED A SOB OF CONTAGION, A GROAN OF CONTACT, SWEEPED OVER THE THRONG. WOMEN BECAME HYSTERICAL AND HAD TO BE TAKEN AWAY BY THEIR FRIENDS. AS THE CORTEGE MOVED AWAY FROM THE RAILROAD DEPOT, PEOPLE WHO STOOD IN THE WINDOWS WERE SO AFFECTED BY THE PATHOS OF THE MOMENT THAT THEY TURNED THEIR EYES AND COULD NOT TRUST THEMSELVES TO LOOK FURTHER UPON THE HEARSE WHICH HELD THE LOVED MCKINLEY"—(See article on page 6)



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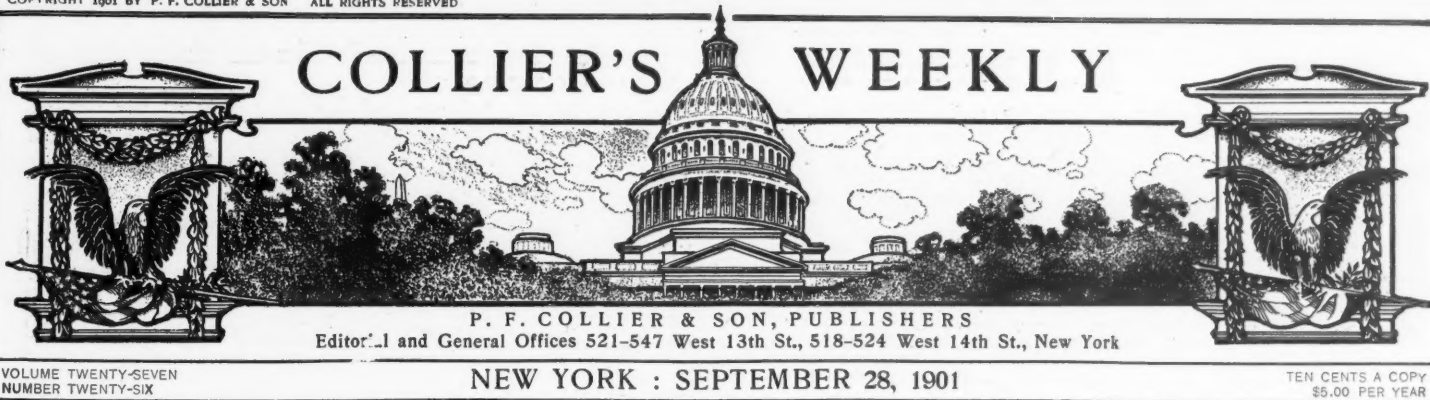
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MR. MCKINLEY'S DEATH WAS MOURNED NOT alone in this country but in Europe with every sign of sincere grief. Special services were held in Westminster Abbey and messages came from every corner of the globe testifying to the universal sorrow for the taking off of a great and generous statesman and abhorrence for the crime by which this nation lost its chief magistrate. Thursday, September 19 was observed as a day of general mourning in this country. It was Mrs. McKinley's wish that the final ceremonies should take place in Canton, Ohio, the city where Mr. McKinley spent most of the years of his manhood. Previously services had been held in Buffalo. The body was removed thence to Washington and after lying in state in the Capitol for a day was carried to the Ohio city and laid to rest amid the lamentations of the whole nation.

IT IS A COMMON SAYING OF WRITERS THAT the death of a distinguished public man afflicts a people with a sense of personal loss, but in this case it is no exaggeration. Mr. McKinley had a larger political following than any statesman of our generation and more personal friends than any President who had ever held the office. He possessed the rare qualities that make friends and the rarer qualities that keep them friends in success. But there was no division of politics or friendship in the mourning of the American public last week. The extraordinary pathos of the President's dying hours, saddened every heart beyond the power of words to express its sadness, and the patience, the magnanimous courage, the Christian faith of the brave gentleman were like a last blessing to the people. It might be said of him in the well-known lines on Addison, that he

"Taught us how to live, and (oh, too high
The price of knowledge!) taught us how to die."

"It is God's way, not ours; His will be done," he said when he was told that death was approaching and then murmured: "Nearer my God to thee, e'en though it be a cross, is my constant prayer." It will be a long time before the example of this Christian death fades from the minds of the people.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT

ON THE AFTERNOON OF SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in as President of the United States by Judge Hazel of the United States District Court at Buffalo. All the members of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet except Mr. Hay and Mr. Gage were present at the simple ceremony, and immediately thereafter a Cabinet meeting was called by the new President. Mr. Roosevelt took occasion to announce that it would be his aim "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country." It was understood that the Cabinet were ready to resign in a body if the President desired it, but Mr. Roosevelt asked them to continue in office. Eventually changes may occur. It has been reported that Senator Lodge will enter the Cabinet as Secretary of State or that Mr. Root will be promoted to that office. Mr. Hay has been in poor health and would welcome a rest, and the Senator from Massachusetts is known to be an intimate personal friend as well as a valued political ally of the new President. Of the other members of the present Cabinet, Mr. Root is the only one who is on close terms with Mr. Roosevelt.

MR. MCKINLEY'S SUCCESSOR IS THE YOUNG-est man who has ever occupied the Presidential office. He is in his 43d year. Grant was nearly 47 when he became President; Cleveland 47, Garfield 49, Pierce 49, Fillmore 50, Tyler 51, Arthur 51. Clay was a candidate when he was 37 and Bryan when he was 36. Perhaps it is Mr. Roosevelt's unconquerable vivacity of spirits, and perhaps it is the persistent recollection of his earlier successes, that causes people to speak of the President as if he were a mere boy "panting for twenty-one." At all events the amazement of the public that a man of

forty-two should become President of the United States is another proof that this is a period of leadership by young men. But at forty-two one is well out of the nursery. Mr. Roosevelt is eighteen years older than the younger Pitt was when he was Prime Minister of England, eight years older than Gladstone was when he entered the Cabinet, eight years older than Napoleon when he was made First Consul for life, and older than Frederick the Great when he invaded Silesia, or Grant when he took Vicksburg. But those who know Mr. Roosevelt intimately have no misgivings as to the maturity of his mind. His boyishness consists solely in the exuberance of his nature and his enthusiasm for certain manly ideals. We may hope that these qualities will not be suffocated by the dignity of his new position.

HIS CAREER HAS BEEN MORE INTERESTING than that of almost any other man in the public life of our generation. Unlike the four others who succeeded to the presidency by reason of death, he is known in every corner of the land. He began his career at twenty-three as an Assemblyman in New York State, but it was three years later that he attracted national attention. In 1884 he went to Chicago as a delegate to the Republican National Convention and although only twenty-six at the time, was one of the leaders of the Edmunds faction which gave the most prominent figures to the anti-Blaine secession from the party. He disappointed his friends at that time by refusing to join the bolt. He was then and has been ever since a party man. He spent the next two years in the Far West, where he won a reputation as a hunter of prowess and gratified to the fullest extent his love for the simple life and the rude justice of the range. In 1886 he was a candidate for mayor of New York and polled 60,000 votes out of a total of 220,000. President Harrison appointed him civil service commissioner in 1889 and he filled the place with great ability at a time when the merit system was under a severe strain. As a civil service reformer his career has been unexceptional. For a year he was police commissioner in New York city. He was Assistant Secretary of the Navy when the Spanish war broke out. He believed firmly in the necessity of that conflict from the day the news of the loss of the Maine was announced. It is said he was the first to suggest the attack on the Spanish fleet at Manila. He resigned his place to raise the irregular cavalry regiment which became known as the "Rough Riders." The history of his connection with that extraordinary body is a familiar story to all our readers. The Roosevelt "luck" followed him through the campaign. His was the only volunteer regiment whose colonel was promoted and he succeeded to the command. Luck and energy carried him into the first serious engagement in Cuba and placed his regiment in such a position that its courage and discipline shone to great advantage compared with the conduct of another volunteer regiment. He led a memorable charge, escaped injury from a storm of bullets and returned safe and sound to New York to be nominated for Governor through the unwilling compliance of his chief political enemy and elected against the expectations of every professional politician in the State.

SOME OF HIS POLITICAL VIEWS

HE IS A MODERATE PROTECTIONIST—A VERY moderate one.

He is, of course, firmly attached to the gold standard. But he has not troubled himself much with financial questions.

He is one of the veterans of the civil service reform movement.

He believes in a large standing army, but especially in a great navy. He has made a close study of naval affairs and the public may expect him to be the leader of a movement for the unprecedented increase of our sea forces.

He thinks the Nicaraguan canal should be built, and that it should be fortified by this government. To this

end, he will support the senatorial party under the leadership of his friend, Senator Lodge.

He is an expansionist. The German paper that said he dreamed of making the United States not merely a world-power, but the world-power was not far from the truth.

He believes this country should take a more active part in foreign affairs. In international politics his sentimental bias is toward England, although he was frank to express his detestation of the Boer war. He agrees with his friends of the navy in regarding Germany as most likely to trouble us in the future.

HIS FORTUNATE STAR WAS STILL IN THE ascendant when the Republican National Convention gathered at Philadelphia in 1900, if a man can be considered fortunate who succeeds to the manifold burdens of the Presidency through such a tragedy as we have just witnessed. He did not want to become "his most superfluous highness." He, like every one else, felt that the Vice-President, caught in the tenacious spider web of the Senate, is practically powerless as a political factor. But Senator Platt, who hates him with great cordiality, and Governor Odell, who was even then training for the nomination in 1904, were bent on thrusting the honor on him. They were reinforced by Mr. McKinley's friends, who did not object to the possibility of enlivening the canvass with a new and vigorous personality, and by delegates from the West, where sentiment still holds some sway in politics. No one knows what process of reasoning Mr. Roosevelt's mind followed in yielding to these importunities. He is not easily led or influenced by his enemies. At all events he was won over, and, swearing he would never consent, consented. After making the speech placing Mr. McKinley in nomination he accepted the second place on the ticket, and made a canvass which in point of energy left nothing to be desired.

WHAT SORT OF PRESIDENT WILL HE MAKE?

Every one is asking that question, many trustingly, many hopefully, a few doubtfully. It is an obvious truth that the responsibility of the Presidency induces sobriety of thought and conservatism of action. In the executive offices he has held in the past, Mr. Roosevelt has shown no lack of moderation. He is by nature a soldier, with unconcealed admiration for the pomp and circumstance of war, but perhaps we all have that feeling in our hearts. But, politically, there is not a trace of radicalism in his nature. He might be called a conservative with a radical way of putting it. He has been an incessant student of our national history, and especially of the history of the West. He is not in any sense a political experimentalist. Many think he has given too little attention to the crowding social questions of the hour. He believes in the law—or rather the laws—above everything, and he is impatient of philosophers who suggest that ours are not the best possible laws of the best possible country of the pleasantest world.

HIS BEARING SINCE HE TOOK THE OATH

His office has gratified the most conservative elements of his party who were in some fear. He has kept the McKinley Cabinet intact; although, as we have said above, changes are likely before the close of his term. A remark of his has been reported to the effect that "if a gun had been used and found good he would be foolish to throw it away. He might change the sights, but he would not abandon the old rifle." For "rifle" read "the McKinley policy" and you have the parable. The remark is Rooseveltian. Perhaps he made it. But his commendable loyalty to his predecessor's policy need not be taken as warrant for the belief that he will abandon his own principles or change his whole nature. He has friends and enemies; he has scores to settle and very few personal obligations to fulfill. It is a little early for the politicians who have been waging war on him for fifteen years to feel a sense of security.

AT THE SCENE OF THE NATION'S TRAGEDY



BUFFALO—TAKING THE CASKET FROM THE HEARSE IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL



SAILORS CARRYING THE CASKET INTO THE CITY HALL, WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE TO VIEW THE REMAINS

THE LAST SAD CEREMONIES AT CANTON



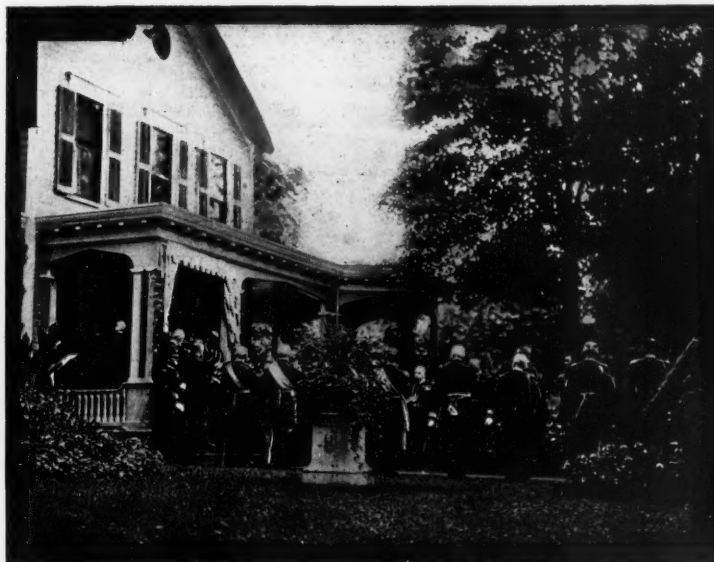
TROOP A, OF CLEVELAND, HEADING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION



PUTTING THE CASKET INTO THE HEARSE AT THE CHURCH



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CABINET ARRIVING AT THE MCKINLEY RESIDENCE TO TAKE PART IN THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES



CARRYING THE CASKET OUT OF THE MCKINLEY RESIDENCE



GUARDING THE TOMB IN WEST LAWN CEMETERY

"A STREAM OF SORROWING HUMANITY FLOWED FROM TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON UNTIL AFTER ELEVEN AT NIGHT"



Last Honors to the Martyred President

By WALTER WELLMAN and GUY H. SCULL, Special Correspondents of Collier's Weekly

AT THE SCENE OF THE NATION'S TRAGEDY

THE NATION'S HEAD was bowed in grief. Despite that quality of the human mind which bids men hail the rising sun, forgetful of the sun that has set low down in the red west, the heart of the American people turned to William McKinley, the dead President, with a fulness which for the moment obscured the living President, Theodore Roosevelt. In the new leader they felt hope and trust, but for the one who had gone the grief was too great to admit of much thought of to-day or to-morrow. They were thinking of the glorious days of the past that had merged into the tragic yesterday.

Thus came the great national outpouring of grief for the dead McKinley.

At Buffalo, scene of one of the saddest tragedies in the annals of government, brief and beautifully simple funeral services were held in the house where the great chief of the state had died.

The stricken widow sat at the head of the stairs while the songs were sung, the prayers uttered, the words of love and affection spoken. Tears were shed over that bier, but she sat and looked down with dry eyes. She had shed her tears. There were no more. Her heart was dry and seared. Then they took him away. The tender, loving husband had been murdered not as a man but as President. He had died because he stood for government, for law, for order.

The people had set him in his post of honor and danger. The people had made him what he was. He belonged to the people. So they reverently escorted the mortal remains to the City Hall in Buffalo that the people might come and see and weep. All day long rich and poor, high and low, filed past that bier. Hour after hour they stood in line, awaiting their turn. Storms could not drive them away. It was not curiosity alone that held them. Grief, sincere and deep, was written on their faces.

"HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE PEOPLE; IN DEATH HE IS MINE!"

Nothing could be more sad than the anguish of the stricken widow during that long day when her husband's body lay in state. Rousing from a stupor of exhaustion and anguish, she asked for the body of her lover, her lifelong companion. It was miles away. But why was he miles away? Why not where she was—where she could caress again those pallid temples? But the people, the people who love him and who made him, have their rights. "The people have had enough of my husband. He gave his life for them. In death he is mine! I want him. I want him here, now, and I will have him."

Oh, it was a sad task which fell to the lot of Mrs. Hobart, herself afflicted, to convince the widow of the murdered President that it would be better to let the body remain where it was. At first, her efforts seemed in vain. At one moment it was thought to be necessary to send for the sombre casket in order to calm the grief-stricken wife.

But at length counsels prevailed; and the long lines of people standing out in the rain were not deprived of their opportunity to look once more upon the well-loved face.

Through the pouring rain came at least one hundred thousand persons to pass in front of the uncovered coffin of the dead President in the City Hall. A stream of sorrowing humanity flowed from two o'clock in the afternoon until after eleven o'clock at night.

WITH THE FUNERAL TRAIN TO WASHINGTON

Then, at 7.45 o'clock on Monday morning, began the journey to Washington—the memorable journey from the scene of the tragedy to the capital of the nation. This dead leader belonged to the whole country, not to the family alone. Once more he must be brought back to the great white Cap-

itol, where he had begun his labors for the nation. Once more he must sleep in the Executive Mansion, where he had with such signal success and great devotion piloted the Ship of State through stormy seas.

For twelve hours the funeral train, with draped engine and car, ran through lines of sorrowing humanity. Bells were everywhere tolled. Buildings were everywhere black with mourning. No abode too humble to wear upon its outer walls the insignia of sorrow or to show in its windows the portrait of the dead bordered in deep black.

Workmen left their work and stood in long lines beside the tracks, their hats in their hands. Countryfolk came in from miles around, their wagons and carryalls draped in mourning. Little children strew flowers upon the rails. Thousands placed coins upon the metals and picked them up after the train had passed over them, souvenirs of the sad day. Choral societies chanted "Nearer, My God, To Thee." The schools were closed, and all the children stood by the wayside, flowers and furred flags in their tiny hands. Women were seen weeping as if their hearts were breaking while the great train swept by on its sad errand. Tears were upon the cheeks of rugged men in blue blouses.

For nearly five hundred miles thus the train ran through the surrounding incense of love. At every telegraph-pole

Officers of the Army, the Navy and the Marine corps, stood with bared heads as the coffin was slowly borne by the sailors up the stone steps of the Capitol through the lane they formed.

Great as were the demonstrations of popular emotions on those former occasions, profound as were the greetings of the populace when President McKinley rode twice to his coronation, both were eclipsed this day. He had not lived in vain. His life had conquered Death.

WASHINGTON'S DAY OF MOURNING—AND FEDERAL NEGLECT

The Federal city was in mourning that morning.

Private buildings throughout the town were draped in black. Contrasting oddly with their sombre appearance were the huge white public buildings, which carried no other mark of homage to the dead than the national colors at half-mast. Many were the regrets that Congress in its wisdom had seen fit to pass a law forbidding the funereal decoration of all Federal buildings.

True, those edifices had in time past worn the habiliments of woe for men of small note who in the accidents of life had occupied official station, but it seemed not right that William McKinley's mortal remains should be borne past government structures which carried no acknowledgment of his great services.

WHILE THE BODY LAY IN STATE

Simple and beautiful was the scene in the rotunda of the Capitol where the funeral services were held and the body was permitted to lie in state. In this democratic country we have never learned the art of making pomp and show of our obsequies, as they have so well learned in Europe. Republican simplicity such as had characterized the life of Mr. McKinley marked the national ceremonies over his body.

The catafalque, simpler than that employed for the commonest tradesman in Paris, nevertheless had clinging about it great memories, for it had been used for Lincoln and Garfield, for Sumner and Chase and Logan, and several other great leaders of the Republic. Now the third martyred President, the third to fall at his post of duty by an assassin's bullet, reposed upon it.

Simple but effective were the black silk drappings in the huge circular apartment. Simple and beautiful were the ceremonies, the hymns and prayers, the chants and dirges, while the

new President and all the high dignitaries of the government sat by with bowed heads and heavy eyes. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

THE COMING OF A MAN

Through that noble rotunda William McKinley had first passed twenty-five years ago. Then he was a young Congressman from Ohio. No one knew him. He was only one of the many who come and go every year, flitting their brief period dimly across the sky of national fame, then disappearing into the obscurity whence they came.

But this young man with the kindly smile and the earnest ideas stayed on. He soon became a marked man. He rose in the estimation of the people, in power for good. His name became linked with a policy. He became a leader. Soon, when he walked through this rotunda men paused to look at him. He was singled out as one who would some day become President.

All the world knows the story of how these predictions were verified, all the world is ringing with the narrative of this life that rose to the summit of human ambition and was felled by a tiny piece of lead venomous from the hand of an insignificant unknown.

All that remains of him is a wasted, ashen form lying there in the casket. The choir sings "Lead, Kindly Light." The



"THEN BEGAN THE MEMORABLE JOURNEY TO THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION"

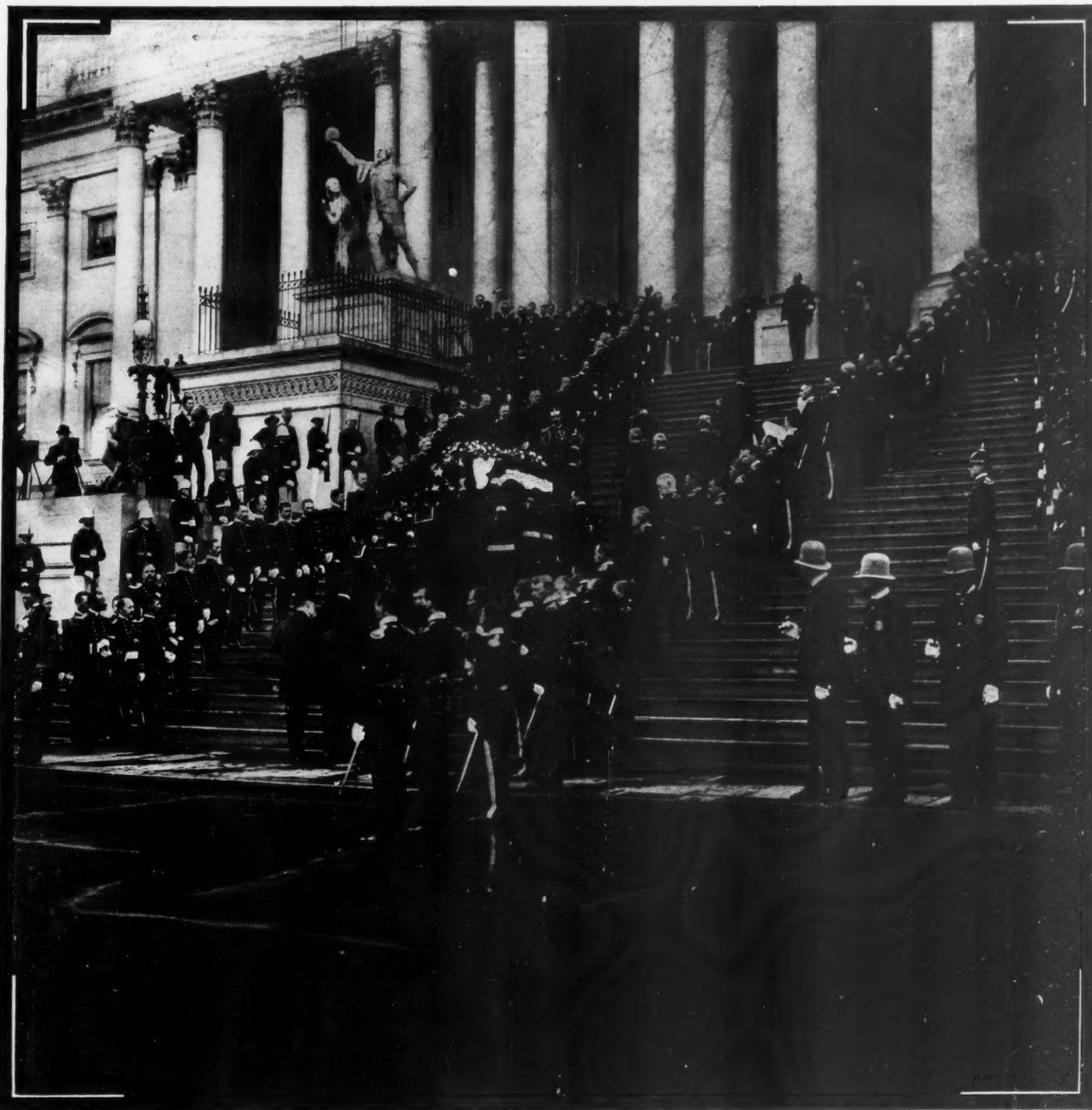
there was a benediction from the hearts of a grateful people. It were worth while to have lived such a life and met such a death. And the brave little woman who had lost more than all sat by the window and looked out upon this fleeting scene and was comforted. A people's love softened the sting of death.

FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE CAPITOL

To the White House again the remains were carried. William McKinley was still President. He slept once more in the historic building whose best traditions he had maintained. His widow occupied her old room, hallowed by so many memories.

The new President, the living head of the state, passed the night at the house of his sister. Thus the national capital held two Presidents, one enshrined in the hearts and the other living in the hopes of the people. And the last sad rites were to be witnessed, too, by the only living ex-President, Grover Cleveland.

Tuesday morning, William McKinley rode for the last time from the White House to the Capitol. Not as he rode that bright day in March, 1897, smiling at the black masses of people who acclaimed him; not as he rode a few months ago, still better loved because he had been tried and found not wanting, but silent and motionless in the embrace of death.



"OFFICERS OF THE ARMY, THE NAVY AND THE MARINE CORPS STOOD WITH BARED HEADS AS THE COFFIN WAS SLOWLY BORNE BY THE SAILORS UP THE STONE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL THROUGH THE LANE THEY FORMED"

proudest and strongest find their eyes filling with tears. Members of the Cabinet, Senators, Governors, Congressmen, Generals and Admirals, and heroes of battlefields and naval combats are not ashamed to stand in the presence of this great tragedy and let the tears roll down their cheeks.

HOMAGE TO THE DEAD

Outside waits the multitude. They bare their heads when the signal guns are fired, salutes to the soul of the dead commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

Patiently they wait, as many of them waited those glad days of McKinley's inauguration. They saw him and heard him then as he stepped forth in life and strength to dedicate himself to the service of the country. They wish to see him once more, for their hearts are full of love. Black and white, high and low, they wait.

At last the great bronze doors swing outward and they are admitted. All day and into the night their lines stretch from the Capitol plaza to the rotunda. Hour after hour they file past to do homage to the dead leader.

Night comes all too soon, and, while thousands still stand in line, it is needful to take the casket away. Another, a last, journey is to be now undertaken. From Canton to Washington came William McKinley for the nation's good. He came and impressed himself upon his times as none of his contemporaries anywhere in the world was able to do. Now he must go from Washington back to Canton for the final sleep.

At eight o'clock in the evening the funeral train starts upon its course from the station where Garfield met his fate.

As it leaves the portals of the Federal city the people of Washington, brought near to the great men of the nation and studying them at that close range which sometimes destroys hero-worship, are of but one mind: This dead man was the best beloved of all Presidents of modern times;

his was a soul beautiful, though practical, gentle but firm as a rock in the hours of need.

Among the students of life and activity there is a unanimous agreement that it will be many days before his like is seen again—this winner of men and lover of men, who, through winning men and holding their affections, secured for himself and the state the best that was in them, and thus won his battles and carried his policies. Soft and amiable and affectionate were all his methods, but he was ever the leader, never the led. His career, as he disappears along the road to the Ohio town which sent him thither, is an exemplification of the power of love applied to the affairs of state.

THE LAST JOURNEY

Splendid verdict, beautiful lesson. And as the train rolls along to Canton the multitude again pours out its testimony that the sweet character of this dead man has reached their hearts. They, too, have discovered the secret of his success.

It was early in the night when the train came to the lighted station at Baltimore. So still was the scene that the rumbling of the wheels resounded as if the place were empty. The engine bell clanged noisily. The masses of upturned faces of the people shone strangely pale in the glare. Harrisburg was reached at midnight.

Then came Altoona, where the dawn was breaking—a misty, cold, motionless dawn—then the small village of Greenville, with the first sunlight shining through the mist and the children from the orphan asylum standing in rows, dressed in white, and the black-dressed nuns standing behind them. At Pittsburg the speed was reduced to eight miles an hour. The train glided through the clouded city, running smoothly over the many switches and culverts. For over the length of a mile there, on both sides of the track, on the roofs of all the waiting trains, on the couplings between the cars, in the windows of the factories, flanking the lines held back by the militia and the police, on every embank-

ment and wooden fence and wall which bordered the road, were the same hushed, attentive throngs.

Later, the sun, rising higher, broke clear from the mist and shone warm upon the rolling country of fields and hills. Where a lonely house had been built among these hills an old man leaned against his gateway with his hat lifted reverently.

The train neared the boundary line of Ohio. The larger towns became less frequent then, the villages more scattered, and the farmhouses at wider distances apart, but the unspoken tribute of the people to the memory of their dead President was always the same; from the neighboring fields about Alliance they had gathered the wild flowers that grew there and had strewn them on the track.

Canton is reached at last.

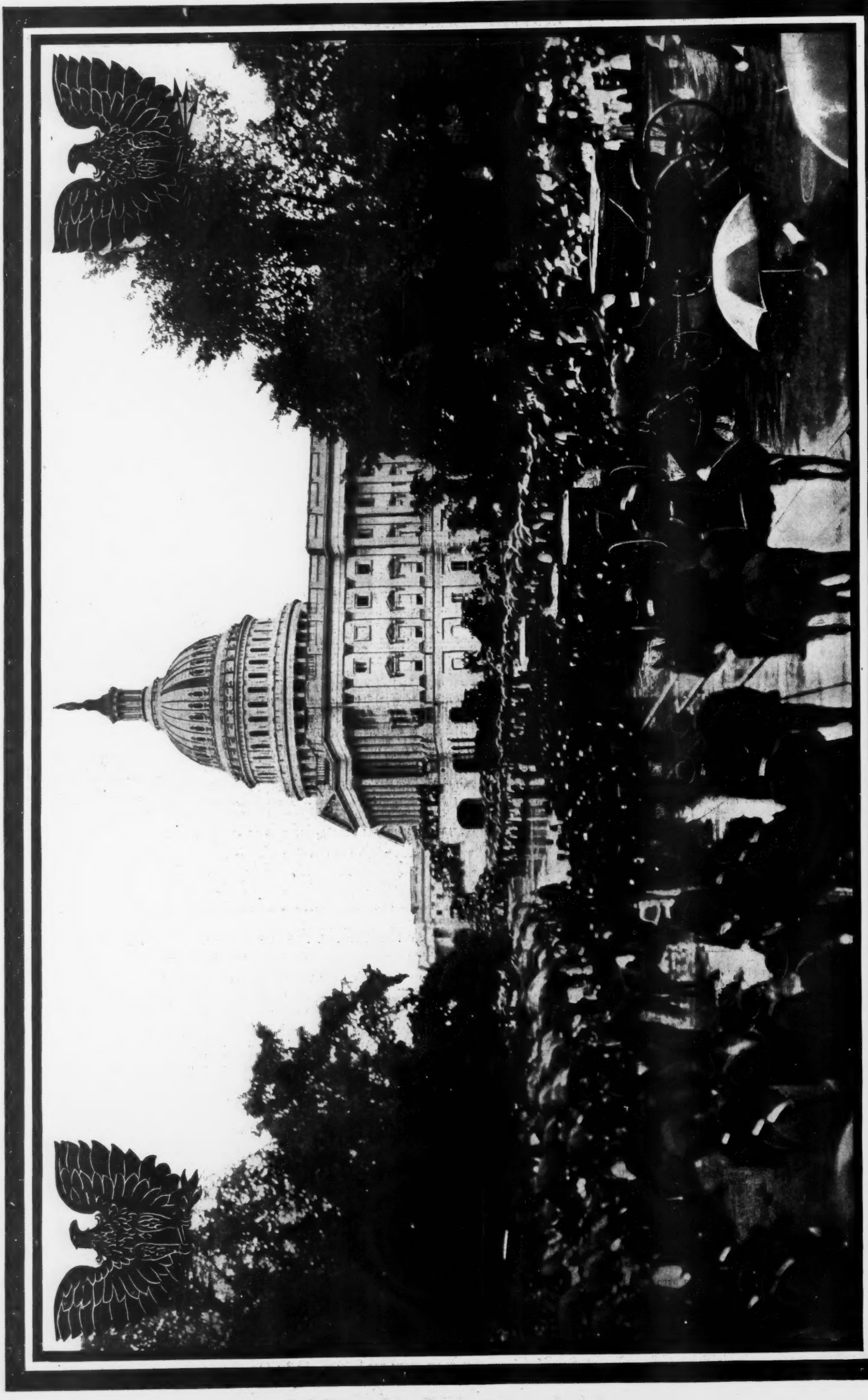
A STRIKING SPECTACLE OF SORROW

On the station platform at Canton were the men who would receive the train. This was the end of the journey. A crowd of people stood across the track a short way beyond the end of the platform and on either side of the rails, forming the terminal. Behind the station was the little unpaved triangle, surrounded by two brick buildings, two wooden buildings and an old-fashioned house which must have stood there in an open country long before the railway came. Here in this triangle the columns of infantry and the bright uniforms of a troop of horse seemed strangely in evidence.

When the train arrived at this station Mrs. McKinley was first helped down the car steps and led away across the platform. Then followed a long pause. Inside the car where the body lay a man could be seen unscrewing one of the windows. It was necessary that this window should be removed to allow the removal of the casket. The twelve rigid forms of the pall bearers waited close to the car.

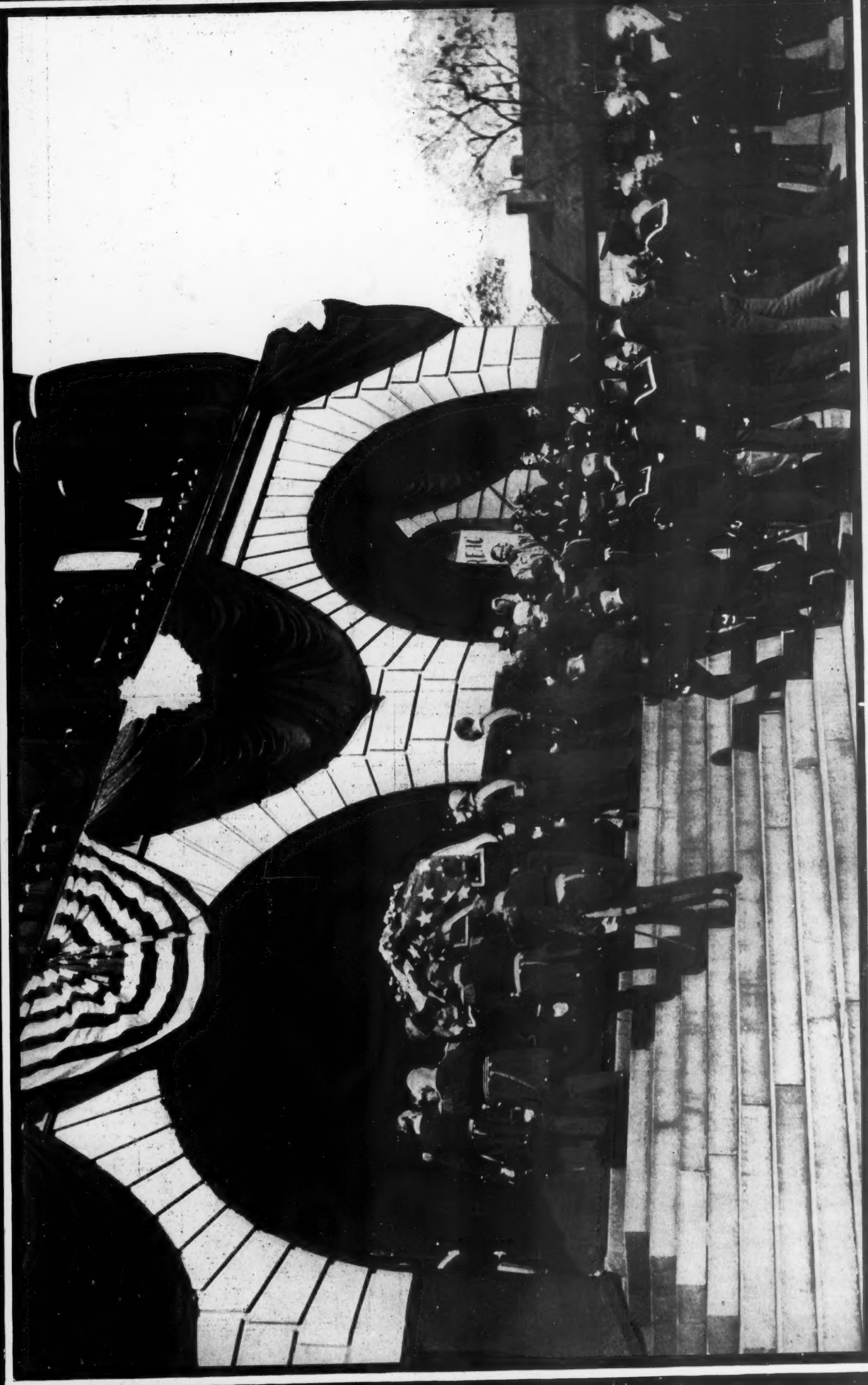
When the work was finished, officers in uniforms, gold-braided, handed out the coffin to the pall bearers, and these carried it through the station to the hearse.

WASHINGTON AND CANTON'S FAREWELL TO WILLIAM MCKINLEY



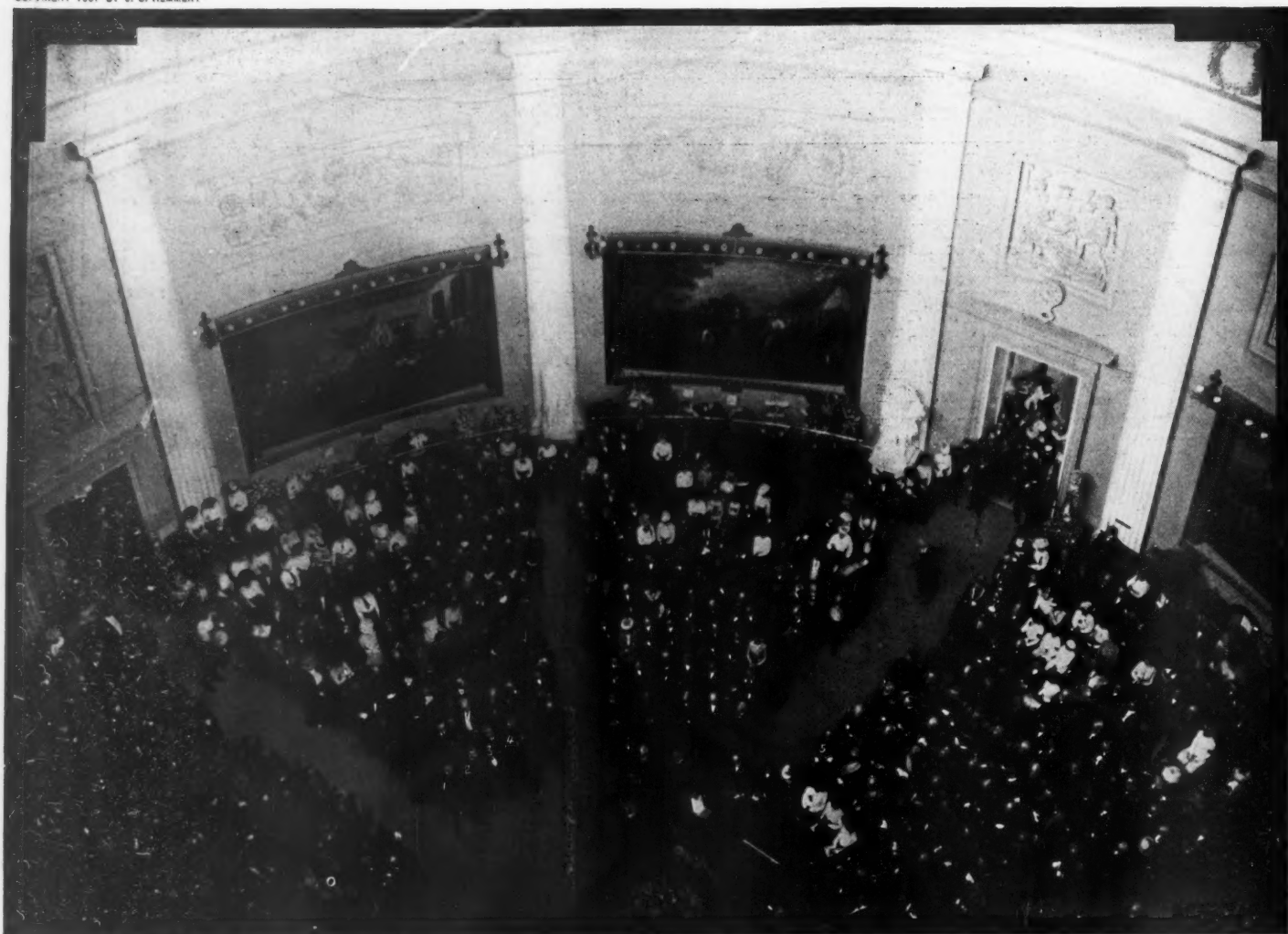
WASHINGTON—The Hearse at the Head of the Funeral Cortege entering the Capitol Grounds

WASHINGTON—The Hearse at the Head of the Funeral Cortege entering the Capitol Grounds



CANTON—Sailor Bearers carrying the Casket into the Court House, where it is to lie in State

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BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE CEREMONIES IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL. IN THE FRONT ROW, ON THE LEFT, ARE, AS INDICATED (1) PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, (2) SECRETARY HAY, (3) SECRETARY GAGE, (4) SECRETARY ROOT, (5) ADMIRAL DEWEY

Canton, loyal and loving, is plunged in the very depths of sorrow. For thirty-five years the dead President had lived among them. They saw him grow and rise. They helped him along. He became their idol and their star. To them he was ever the tender husband, the affectionate friend, the kindly neighbor, the great man who loved the simple society of his old friends.

No such spectacle of sorrow as was to be seen when the train drew into the Canton station on Wednesday morning had any one there present ever beheld.

When the casket was lifted out of the car a wave of weeping ran through the multitude. The grief of one appeared to catch fire from the grief of another. What might be called a sob of contagion, a groan of contact, swept over the throng. Women became hysterical and had to be taken away by their friends. As the cortege moved up Tuscarawas Street to Market, people who stood in the windows were so affected by the pathos of the moment that they turned their eyes and could not trust themselves to look further upon the hearse which held the loved McKinley.

Past the court house where the dead President as a young man had been prosecuting attorney, his first public office, crept the funeral procession. Here in the city square the emotion was most painful. A block away stood the McKinley building, and there over the door was the sign, now draped in crepe:

"William McKinley, Jr., Attorney at law."

Up Market Street, famous in the annals of the campaign of '96, then traversed by hundreds of thousands of human feet eager to reach the lawn where the candidate of a great political party was to address them.

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO

At length the cortege halts.

All up and down the street men and women are seen weeping as if they had lost their most dearly beloved. These are the friends and neighbors of the McKinleys. They have a right to weep.

And that modest house there behind the green, sloping lawn, that is the house where McKinley took his bride, Ida Saxton, the belle of Canton, thirty years ago. There their children were born, and there they died. There they had their sorrows and also their happiness and their triumphs.

Into this modest home, a home like unto hundreds of thousands of others in this broad land—for it is from such we, self-governing Americans, choose our rulers and our captains—they carry the casket. Choking hearts, blinded eyes, surround it. The President of the United States and his Cabinet—McKinley's Cabinet once and now his—pause to pay their homage at the home of the late ruler. Then they drive away.

One by one the multitude disappears. The neighbors retire within their houses. The sun sets and darkness covers the earth. The body is once more brought from the court-house. Mrs. McKinley is alone with her precious dead in her own old home.

THE LAST OF EARTH

Next day, Thursday, September 19, last scene of all. Funeral services are held in the First Methodist Church, of which the dead President was a member. There he had first met his wife; there he had taught the Bible class in the Sun-

day school. There he had laid the foundations of the Christian faith which never left him.

Here came Canton to pour out its heart. Less than at any other place—less than at Buffalo or even at Washington—were the people interested in the new President or the high dignitaries of the government. Canton had eyes and thoughts for but one—for Canton's star which had set. Here again were sung the President's favorite hymns, and never before had they sounded so sadly sweet. Here again loving words of comfort were spoken to the afflicted.

The church was designed to hold fourteen hundred persons—and when the edifice was filled to the very doors with only personal friends and distinguished guests, hundreds of men of national importance were still left out. One hundred thousand strangers were in the city.

The pew which President McKinley had occupied was draped in black and empty, for Mrs. McKinley was not able to be present at this last formal ceremony in honor of her dead. Utterly prostrated, bordering upon the condition of collapse so long dreaded, she had remained at home in the care of Dr. Rixey. The Rev. C. E. Manchester delivered the funeral address. Never at any funeral in the United States has been seen such a display of flowers.

The procession wended its way slowly out to beautiful Westlawn Cemetery, and in the receiving vault there the remains were tenderly, reverently placed. Falling tears wet the greensward for acres all about. Near by those who cared to look saw two little mounds, marked by simple headstones; under them sleep the two children who were born to the McKinleys when they were young husband and wife with all the world before them.



"OUTSIDE WAITS THE MULTITUDE . . . AS MANY OF THEM WAITED THAT GLAD DAY OF MCKINLEY'S INAUGURATION"



KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, the "Sarah Williams." It is commonly supposed by his neighbors that he is about to embark in trade. He proposes to take his daughter Kate with him on his first cruise. She goes aboard the ship before her father has completed his arrangements on shore, preparatory to sailing. Dickory Charter, a ship's fruit vender, overhears talk among the crew which leads him to suspect that the sailors are desperate characters, who have determined to slip out of the port during the night, leaving Major Bonnet behind. Dickory determines to save Kate from being carried to sea.

She consents to trust him, and, following his instructions, in the darkness she slips over the side into his canoe. He takes her ashore and places her in the care of his mother. Major Bonnet boards his ship in the night and puts off to sea. On the following day he announces to the crew that he intends to become a pirate captain and that they are all pirates. They cheerfully fall in with his plan. The erratic Major's fellow-townpeople conclude that he has gone a-pirating, and Madam Bonnet refuses to receive Kate, because of her absence over night. She therefore remains at the home of Dame Charter, where she confers with Martin Newcombe, a young gentleman who aspires to her hand.

CHAPTER VII KATE PLANS



IT WAS NEARLY an hour before Kate and Mr. Newcombe returned, and when they came back they did not look happy. Dickory observed their sad visages, but the sight did not make him sad. Kate took Dame Charter by the hand and led her to the bench.

"You have been so kind to me," she said, "that I have almost come to look upon you as a mother, even though I have known you such a little while, and I want to tell you what I have been talking about and what I think I am going to do."

Mr. Newcombe now stood by, and Dickory also. His mother was not quite sure that this was the right place for him, but as he had already done so much for the young lady, there was, perhaps, no reason why he should be debarred from hearing what she had to say.

"This gentleman," said Kate, indicating Martin Newcombe, "sympathizes with me very greatly in my present unfortunate position. Having no home to which I can go, and having no relative, belonging to this island, but my father, who is sailing upon the seas, I know not where; he, therefore, in his great kindness has offered to marry me and to take me to his home, which, thereafter, would be my home, and in which I would have all comforts and rights."

Now Dickory's face was like the sky before a shower. His mother saw it out of the corner of her eye, but the others did not look at him.

"This was very kind, and very good," continued Kate. "Not at all, not at all," interrupted Master Newcombe, "except that it was kind and good to myself, for there is nothing in this world which you need and want as much as I need and want you."

At this Dickory's brow grew darker. "I believe all you say," said Kate, "for I am sure you are an honest and a true man; but, as I told you, I cannot marry you, for even had I made up my mind on the subject, which I have not, I could not marry any one at such a time as this, not knowing my father's will upon the subject, or where he is."

The sun broke out on Dickory's countenance without a shower. His mother noticed the change.

"But as I must do something," Kate went on, "a plan came to me while Mr. Newcombe was talking to me, and I have been thinking of it ever since, and now, as I speak, I am becoming fully determined in regard to it. That is, if I can carry it out. It often happens," she said, with a faint smile, "that when people ask advice they become more and more strengthened in their own opinion. My opinion, and I may say my plan, is this: When my father told me he was going away in his ship, he agreed to take me with him on a little voyage, leaving me with my mother's brother at the island of Jamaica, not far from Spanish Town. In purposing this he thought, no doubt, that it would be far better for me to be with my own blood, if his voyage should be long, rather than to live with one who is no relative of mine

and does not wish to act like one. This, then, being my father's intention, which he was prevented, by reasons which I know not of, from carrying out, I shall carry it out myself with all possible despatch, and go to my uncle in Jamaica by the earliest vessel which sails from this port. Not only, as this is my natural refuge in my trouble, but as my father intended to go there when he thought of having me with him, it may be a part of his plan to go there anyway, even though I be not with him, and so I may see him, and all may be well."

Clouds now settled heavily on the faces of each of the young men, and even the ordinarily bright sky of Dame Charter became somewhat overcast, although, in her heart, she did not believe that anybody in this world could have devised a better plan, under the circumstances, than this forsaken Mistress Kate Bonnet.

"Now, there is my plan," said Kate, with something of cheerfulness in her voice, "if so be it I can carry it out. Do either of you know," glancing at the young men impartially, but apparently not noticing the bad weather, "if, in a reasonable time, a vessel will leave here for Jamaica?"

Dickory knew well, but he would not answer. Fate had no right to put such a thing upon him. Newcombe, however, did not hesitate.

"It is very hard for me to say," he made reply, "but there is a merchantman, the *King and Queen*, which sails from here in three days for Jamaica; I know this, for I send some goods. And I wish, Mistress Bonnet, that I could say something against your sailing in it, but I cannot. For, since you will not let me take care of you, your uncle is surely the best one in the world to do it; and, as to the vessel, I know she is a safe one."

"But you could not go sailing away in any vessel by yourself," cried Dame Charter, "no matter how safe she may be."

"Oh, no!" cried Kate; "and the more we talk about our plan the more fully it reveals itself to me in all its various parts. I am going to ask you to go with me, my dear Dame Charter," and as she spoke she seized both the hands of the other. "I have funds of my own which are invested in the town, and I can afford the expense. Surely, my good friend, you will not let me go forth alone, and all unused to travel? Leaving me safely with my uncle, you could return when the ship came back to Bridgetown."

Dame Charter turned upon the girl a look of kind compassion, but, at the same time, she knit her brows.

"Right glad would I be to do that for you," she said, "but I cannot go away and leave my son, who has only me."

"Take him with you," cried Kate; "two women travelling to unknown shores might readily need a protector, and if not, there are so many things which he might do. Think of it, my dear Dame Charter: my uncle's home in Jamaica is the only place to which I can go, and if you do not go with me how can I go there?"

Dame Charter now shed tears; but they were the tears of one good woman feeling for the misfortunes of another.

"I will go with you, my dear young lady," she said; "and I will not leave you until you are in your uncle's care. And as to my boy here—"

Now Dickory spoke, from out of the blazing noontide of his countenance.

"Oh, I will go!" he cried; "I do so greatly want to see Jamaica."

Without being noticed, his mother took him by the hand; she did not know what he might be tempted to say next.

Mr. Newcombe stood very doleful. And well he might; for, if his lady-love went away in this fashion there was good reason to suppose that he might never see her again.

But Kate said no word of comfort to him—for how could she, in this company?—and began to talk rapidly about her preparations.

"I suppose until the ship shall sail I may stay with you?" addressing Dame Charter.

"Stay here!" exclaimed the good dame; "of course you can stay here. We are like one family now, and we will all go on board the ship together."

Kate walked to the boat with Mr. Newcombe, he having offered to undertake her business in town, and at her father's house, and to see the owners of the *King and Queen* in regard to passage.

Dickory stood radiant, speaking to no one. Master Martin Newcombe was the lover of Mistress Kate Bonnet, but he, Dickory, was going with her to Jamaica!

The following days fled rapidly. Long-visaged Martin Newcombe, whose labors in behalf of his lady were truly labors of love, as their object was to help her to go where his eyes could no longer feast upon her and from which place her voice would no longer reach him, went, with a bitter taste in his mouth, to visit Madam Bonnet to endeavor to persuade her to deliver to her stepdaughter such belongings as that young lady was in need of.

That forsaken person was found to be only too glad to comply with this request, hoping earnestly that neither the property nor its owner should ever again be seen by her. She was in high spirits, believing that she was a much better manager of the plantation than her eccentric husband had ever been; and she had already engaged a man to take the place of Ben Greenway, who had been a sore trouble to her these many years. She was buoyed up and cheered by the belief that the changes she was making would be permanent, and that she would live and die the owner of the plantation. She alone, in all Bridgetown and vicinity, had no doubts whatever in regard to her husband's sailing from Barbadoes in his own ship, and with a redundancy of rascality below its decks. The respectability and good reputation of Major Bonnet did not blind her eyes. She had heard him talk about the humdrum life on shore and the reckless glories of the brave buccaneers. But she never replied to these remarks, fearing that she might feel obliged to object to them. And she did not tell him how, in late years, she had heard him talk in his sleep about standing, with brandished sword, on the deck of a pirate ship. It was her dream, that his dreams might all come true.

So Kate's baggage was put on board the *King and Queen*, a very humble vessel considering her sounding name, and Dame Charter's few belongings were conveyed to the vessel in Dickory's canoe; the cottage having been left in charge of a poor and well-pleased neighbor.

When the day came for sailing, our friends, with not a few of the townspeople, were gathered upon the deck, where Kate, at first, looked about for Dickory, not recognizing, at the moment, the well-dressed young fellow who had taken his place. His Sunday costume became him well, and he was so bravely decked out in the matter of shoes and stockings that Kate did not recognize them.

To every one Mistress Kate Bonnet made clear that she was going to her uncle's house in Jamaica, where she expected to meet her father; and many were the good wishes bestowed upon her. When the time drew near when the anchor should be heaved up, Kate withdrew to one side with Mr. Newcombe.

"You must believe," said she kindly, "that everything between us is just as it was when we used to sit on the shady bank and look out over the ripples of the river. There will be waves instead of ripples for us to look over



Drawing by
HENRY REUTERDAHL



BLOW, breezes of September,
To set a piping pace!
Be it east or west, now blow your best,
And speed the royal race.
Columbia meets the challenge
Of *Shamrock*, fleet and fine:
In hope and pride, they're side by side—
They cross the starting line!

CROSSING T

THE brave Sir Thomas I
Though beaten once b
Is bracing up to lift the C
And bear it from our
He's brought another beauty
Whose light foot, some
May have a chance to lead
Across the finish line.



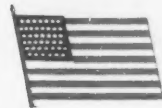
G THE LINE

ir Thomas Lipton,
 eaten once before,
 o lift the Cup,
 it from our shore.
 nother beauty,
 at foot, some divine,
 ance to lead the dance
 finish line.



AHOY, there! *Shamrock Second*,
 You set us work to do.
 Whate'er your fate, the honor's great
 To win or lose from you.
 Thus says our fair *Columbia*:
 "Be victory yours or mine,
 'Tis not in vain—we'll meet again—
 Shake hands, across the line!"

Verses by
HENRY TYRRELL



KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

now, but there will be no change either the one way or the other."

Then they shook hands fervently. More than that would have been unwarrantable.

The *King and Queen* dropped down the stream, and Master Newcombe stood sadly on the pier, while Kate Bonnet waved her handkerchief to him and to her friends. Dame Charter sat and smiled at the town she was leaving, and at the long stretches of the river before her. She knew not to what future she was going, but her heart was uplifted at the thought that a new life was opening before her son. In her little cottage, and in her little fields, there was no future for him, and now to what future might he not be sailing?

As for Dickory, he knew no more of his future than the seabirds knew what was going to happen to them; he cared no more for his future than the clouds care whether they are moving east or west. His life was like the sparkling air in which he moved and breathed. He stood upon the deck of the vessel, with the wind filling the sails above, while at a little distance, stood Kate Bonnet, her ribbons floating in the breeze. He would have been glad to sing aloud, but he knew that that would not be proper in the presence of the ladies and the captain; and so, he let his heart do his singing, which was not heard, except by himself.

CHAPTER VIII

BEN GREENWAY IS CONVINCED THAT BONNET IS A PIRATE

BUT HOW IN THE name of common sense did ye ever think of becoming a pirate, Master Bonnet?" said Ben Greenway, as they stood together; "ye're so little fitted for a wicked life?"

"Out upon you, Ben Greenway," exclaimed the captain, beginning to stride up and down the little quarter-deck, "I will let you know that when the time comes for it I can be as wicked as anybody."

"I doubt that," said Ben, sturdily, "would ye cut down and murder the innocent? Would ye drive them upon an unsteady plank an' make them walk into the sea? Could ye raise thy great sword upon the widow and the orphan?"

"No more of this disloyal speech," shouted Bonnet, "or I will put you upon a wavering plank and make you walk into the sea."

Now Greenway laughed.

"An' if ye did," he said, "ye would next jump upon the plank yourself, and slide swiftly into the waves that ye might save your old friend and servant, knowin' he cannot swim."

"Ben Greenway," said Bonnet, folding his arms and knitting his brows; "I will not suffer such speech from you—I would sooner have on board a Presbyterian parson."

"An' a happier fate could not befall ye," said Ben; "for ye need a parson more than any man I know."

Bonnet looked at him for a moment.

"You think so?" said he.

"Indeed I do," said Ben, with unction.

"There, now!" cried Bonnet. "I told you, Ben, that I could be wicked upon occasion, and now you have acknowledged it. Upon my word, I can be wicked than common, as you shall see when good fortune helps us to overhaul a prize."

The *Revenge* had been at sea for about a week, and all had gone well, except she had taken no prizes. The crew had been obedient and fairly orderly, and if they made fun of their former captain behind his back, they showed no disrespect when his eyes were upon them. The fact was, that the most of them had a very great respect for him as the capitalist of the ship's company.

Big Sam had early begun to sound the temper of the men, but they had not cared to listen to him. Good fare they had, and generous treatment, and the less they thought of Bonnet as a navigator and commander the more they thought of his promises of rich spoils, to be fairly divided with them, when they should capture a Spanish galleon, or any well-laden merchantman bound for the marts of Europe. In fact, when such good luck should befall them, they would greatly prefer to find themselves serving under Bonnet than under Big Sam. The latter was known as a greedy scoundrel who would take much and give little, being inclined, moreover, to cheat his shipmates out of even that little if the chance came to him. Even Black Paul, who was an old comrade of Big Sam, the two having done much wickedness together, paid no heed to his present treasings.

"Let the old fool alone," he said; "we fare well, and our lives are easy, having three men to do the work of one. So, say I, let us sail on and make merry with his good rum, his money-chest is heavy yet."

"That's what I am thinking of," said the sailing-master. "Why should I be courting about here looking for prizes with that chest within reach of my very arm, whenever I choose it?"

Black Paul grinned, and said to himself: "It is that very arm, old Sam, that I am afraid of." Then aloud: "No, let him be. Good booty, as long as it lasts, and then we will talk about the money-box."

Thus, Big Sam found that his time had not arrived, and he swore in his soul that his old shipmate would some day

rue that he had not earlier stood by him in his treacherous schemes.

So all went on without open discontent, and Bonnet, having sailed northward for some days, set his course to the southeast, with some hundred and fifty eyes wide open for the sight of a heavy-sailing merchantman.

One morning they sighted a brig sailing southward, but as she was of no great size, and not going in the right direction to make it probable that she carried a cargo worth their while, they turned westward and ran toward Cuba. Had Mr. Bonnet known that his daughter was on the brig which he thus disdained, his mind would have been far different, and other things yet to happen might have been very different; but, as it was, not knowing anything more than he could see, and not understanding much of that, he kept his westerly course, and on the next day the lookout sighted a good-sized merchantman, bearing eastward.

Now bounded every heart upon the swiftly coursing vessel of the planter pirate. There were men there, who had shared in the taking of many a prize; who had shared in the blood, and the cruelty, and the booty, and their brawny forms trembled with the old excitement of the sea-chase. But no man's blood ran more swiftly, no man's eyes glared more fiercely than those of Captain Bonnet as he strapped on his pistols and felt of his sword-hilt.

"Ah, ye need not glare so!" said Ben Greenway, close at his side, "ye are no pirate, and ye cannot make yourself believe ye are one, and that ye shall see when the guns begin to roar and the sword blades flash. Better go below and let one of these hairy scoundrels descend into hell in your place."

Captain Bonnet turned with rage upon Ben Greenway, but the latter having spoken his mind and given his advice, had retired.

Now came Big Sam. "'Tis an English brig," he said, "most likely from Jamaica, homeward bound; she should be a good prize."

Bonnet winced a little at this; he would have preferred to begin his career of piracy by capturing some foreign vessel, leaving English prizes for the future, when he should have become better used to his new employment. But sensitiveness does not do for pirates, and in a moment had recovered himself, and was as bold and bloody-minded as he had been when he first saw the now rapidly approaching vessel. All nations were alike to him now, and he belonged to none.

"Fire some guns at her!" he shouted to Big Sam, "and run up the 'Jolly Roger'; let the rascals see what we are."

The rascals saw. Down came their flag, and presently their vessel was steered into the wind and lay to.

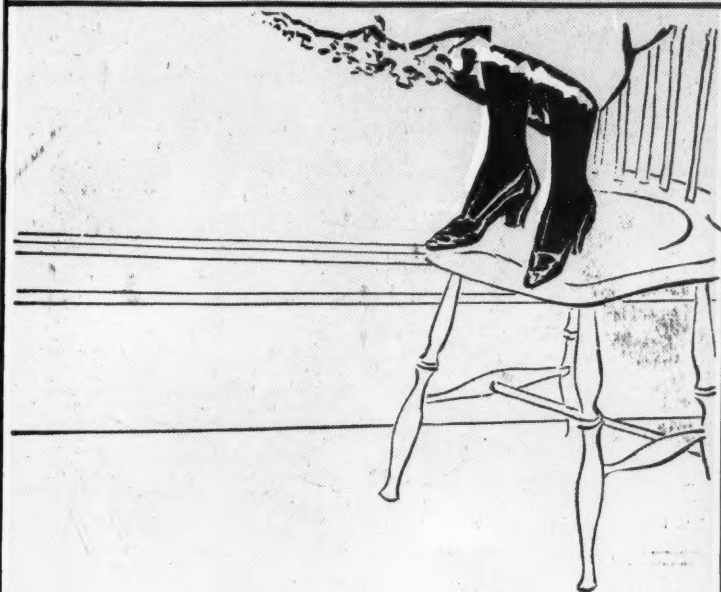
"Shall we board her?" cried Big Sam.

"Ay, board her!" shouted back the infuriated Bonnet; "run the *Revenge* alongside, get out your grappling-irons, and let every man with sword and pistols bound upon her deck."



CLOUDS NOW SETTLED HEAVILY ON THE FACES OF EACH OF THE YOUNG MEN

The New Natural History—No. 3



A Mouse

THE MOUSE

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONSIDER now the HUMBLE MOUSE. He is an OUTLAW in the HOUSE. He makes his HIDING in the WALL And lives upon the CRUMBS that fall. And yet my CHILD, although we deem

The MOUSE a PEST, he stands SUPREME The WONDER of CREATION'S PLAN, The only SUBJECT known to MAN Concerning which we're safe to find No WOMAN ever CHANGED her MIND.

The merchantman now lay without headway, gently rolling on the sea. Down came the sails of the *Revenge*, while her motion grew slower and slower as she approached her victim. Had Captain Bonnet been truly sailing the *Revenge* he would have run by with sails all set, for not a thought had he for the management of his own vessel, so intent he was upon the capture of the other. But, fortunately, Big Sam knew what was necessary to be done in a nautical manoeuvre of this kind, and his men did not all stand ready with their swords in their hands to bound upon the deck of the merchantman. But there were enough of Pirate Bonnet's crew crowded alongside the rail of the vessel to inspire terror in any peaceable merchantman. And this one, although she had several carronades and other guns upon her deck, showed no disposition to use them; the odds against her being far too great.

At the very head of the long line of ruffians upon the deck of the *Revenge* stood Ben Greenway, and, although he held no sword and wore no pistol, his eyes flashed as brightly as any glimmering blade in the whole ship's company.

The two vessels were now drawing very near to each other. Men with grappling-irons stood ready to throw them, and the bow of the well-steered pirate had almost touched the side of the merchantman when, with a bound, of which no one would have considered him capable, the good Ben Greenway jumped upon the rail and sprang down upon the deck of the other vessel. This was a hazardous feat, and if the Scotchman had known more about nautical matters he would not have essayed it before the two vessels had been fastened together. Ignorance made him fearless, and he alighted in safety on the deck of the merchantman, at the very instant when, the two vessels having touched, separated themselves from each other for the space of a yard or two.

There was a general shout from the deck of the pirate at this performance of Ben Greenway. Nobody could understand it. Captain Bonnet stood and yelled: "What are you about, Ben Greenway? Have you gone mad? Without sword or pistol you'll be—"

The astonished Bonnet did not finish his sentence, for his power of speech left him when he saw Ben Greenway hurry up to the captain of the merchantman, who was standing unarmed, with his crew about him, and warmly shake that dumfounded skipper by the hand. In their surprise at what they beheld, the pirates had not thrown their grapples at the proper moment, and now the two vessels had drifted still further apart.

Presently Greenway came hurrying to the side of the merchantman, dragging her captain by the hand.

"Master Bonnet, Master Bonnet!" he cried, "this is your old friend, Abner Marchand of our town, and this is his good ship, the *Amanda*. I knew her when I first caught sight of her figurehead, having seen it so

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Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be. It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do.

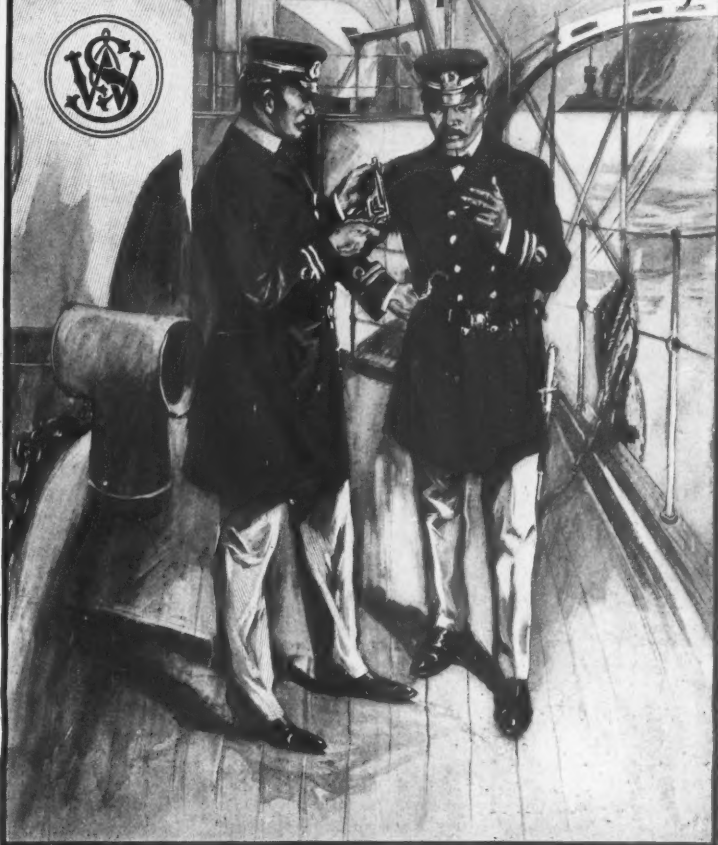
It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free, alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

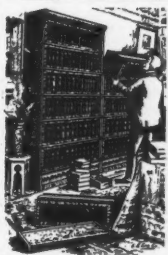
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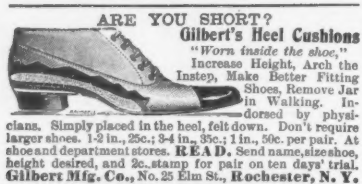
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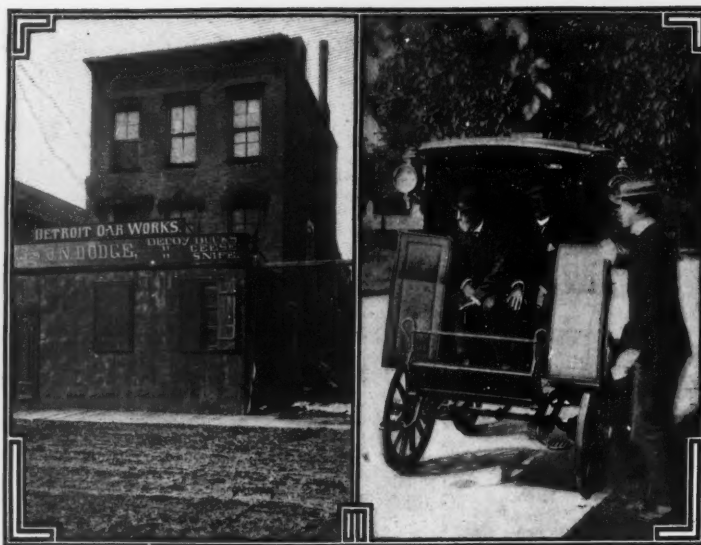
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often at her pier at Bridgetown. And so, now that ye know who it is that ye have inadvertently captured, ye may ca' off your men and bid them sheathe their frightful cutlasses."

At this a roar arose from the pirates, who, having thrown some of their grappling-irons over the gunwale of the merchantman, were now pulling hard upon them to bring the two vessels together, and Captain Bonnet shouted back at Ben: "What are you talking about, you drivelling idiot? Haven't you told Mr. Marchand that I am a pirate?"

"Indeed I have not," cried Ben, "for I don't believe ye are one; at least, not to your friends and neighbors."

To this Bonnet made a violent reply, but it was not heard. The two vessels had now touched, and the crowd of yelling pirates had leaped upon the deck of the *Amanda*. Bonnet was not far behind his men, and, sword in hand, he rushed toward the spot where stood the merchant captain, with his crew hustling together behind him. As there was no resistance, there was, so far, no fighting, and the pirates were tumbling over each other in their haste to get below and find out what sort of cargo was carried by this easy prize.

Captain Marchand held out his hand: "Good-day to you, friend Bonnet," he said; "I had hoped that you would be one of the first friends I should meet when I reached port at Bridgetown, but I little thought to meet you before I got there."

Bonnet was a little embarrassed by the peculiarity of the situation, but his heart was true to his new career.

"Friend Marchand," he said, "I see that you do not understand the state of affairs, and Ben Greenway there should have told you the moment he met you. I am no longer a planter of Barbadoes; I am a pirate of the sea, and the 'Jolly Roger' floats above my ship. I belong to no nation; my hand is against all the world. You and your ship have been captured by me and my men, and your cargo is my prize. Now, what have you got on board, where do you hail from, and whither are you bound?"

Captain Marchand looked at him fixedly: "I sailed from London with a cargo of domestic goods for Kingston, thence, having disposed of my cargo, I am on my way to Bridgetown, where I hope to sell the remainder."

"Your goods will never reach Bridgetown," cried Bonnet; "they belong, now, to my men and to me."

"What!" cried Ben Greenway, "ye speak without sense or reason. Have ye forgotten that this is Mr. Abner Marchand, your fellow vestryman and your senior warden, and to do him ye talk of taking away his goods and legal chattels?"

Bonnet looked at Greenway with indignation and contempt.

"Now listen to me!" he yelled; "to the devil with the vestry and da—" The Scotchman's eyes and mouth were so rounded with horror that Bonnet stopped and changed his form of expression—"Confound the senior warden! I am the Pirate Bonnet and regard not the Church of England!"

"Nor your friends," interpolated Ben.

"Nor friends nor any man," shouted Bonnet. "Abner Marchand, I am sorry that your vessel should be the first one to fall into my power, but that has happened and there is no help for it. My men are below, ransacking your hold for the goods and treasure it may contain. When your cargo, or what we want of it, is safe upon my ship I shall burn your vessel, and you and your men must walk the plank."

At this dreadful statement, Ben Greenway staggered backward in speechless dismay.

"Yes!" cried Bonnet, "that shall I do, for

there is naught else I can do; and then you shall see, you doubting Greenway, whether I am a pirate or no."

To all this Captain Marchand said not a word. But, at this moment, a woman's scream was heard from below, and then there was another scream from another woman. Captain Marchand started: "Your men have wandered into my cabin," he exclaimed, "and they have frightened my passengers. Shall I go and bring them up, Mr. Bonnet? They will be better here."

"Ay, ay," cried the pirate captain, surprised that there should be female passengers on board. And Marchand, followed by Greenway, disappeared below. "Confound women passengers!" growled Bonnet to himself, "that is truly a bit of bad luck."

In a few minutes Marchand was back, bringing with him a middle-aged and somewhat pudgy woman, very pale, a younger woman of exceeding plainness, and sobbing steadfastly, and also an elderly man, evidently an invalid, and wearing a long dressing-gown.

"These," said Captain Marchand, "are Master and Madam Ballinger and daughter of York, in England, who have been sojourning in Jamaica for the health of the gentleman, but are now sailing with me for Barbadoes, hoping the air of our good island may be more salubrious for the lungs."

Captain Bonnet had never been in the habit of speaking loudly before ladies, but he now felt that he must stand by his character. "You cannot have heard," he almost shouted, "that I am the pirate, Bonnet, and that your vessel is now my prize."

At this the two ladies began to scream vigorously, and the form of the gentleman trembled to such a degree that his cane beat a tattoo upon the deck.

"Yes," continued Bonnet, "when my men have stripped this ship of its valuables I shall burn her to the water's edge, and, having removed you to my vessel, I shall shortly make you walk the plank."

Here the younger lady began to stiffen herself out, as if she were about to faint in the arms of Captain Marchand, who had suddenly seized her, but her great curiosity to hear more kept her still conscious. Mrs. Ballinger grew very red in the face.

"That cannot be," she cried. "You may do what you please with our belongings and with Captain Marchand's ship, but my husband is too sick a man to walk a plank. You have not noticed, perchance, that his legs are so feeble that he could scarce mount from the cabin to the deck. It would be impossible for him to walk a plank. And as for my daughter and myself, we know nothing about such a thing, and could not out of sheer ignorance."

For a moment a shadow of perplexity fell upon Captain Bonnet's face. He could readily perceive that the infirm Mr. Ballinger could not walk a plank, or even mount one, unless some one went with him to assist him; and, as to his wife, she was evidently a tennant, and having sailed his ship and floated his "Jolly Roger" in order to get rid of one tennant, he was greatly annoyed at being brought thus face to face with another. He stood, for a moment, silent. The old gentleman looked as if he would like to go down to his cabin and cover up his head with his blanket, until all this commotion should be over; the daughter sobbed as she gazed about her, taking in every point of this most novel situation; and the mother, with dilated nostrils, still glared. In the midst of all this varying disturbance Captain Marchand stood quiet and unmoved, apparently paying no attention to any one except his old neighbor and fellow vestryman, Stede Bonnet, upon whose face his eyes were steadily fixed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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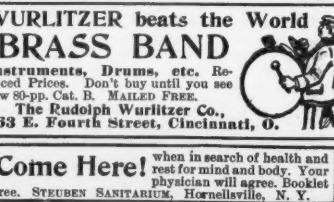
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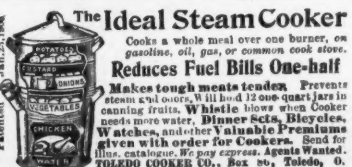


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The Lady of the White House

THERE ARE four ladies, and four only, in the world that Mrs. Roosevelt is under any official obligation to call upon—Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. McKinley. These four ladies, as former mistresses of the White House, are expected, if they should visit Washington, to call immediately at the White House, before making any other visit whatever, and in the case of Mrs. Grant, who lives in Washington, she is expected to call, with the same promptness, upon the incoming lady of the White House, and that incoming lady must lose no time in returning this ceremonious visit. Other women—the sisters and daughters of Presidents—have presided over the White House, but the status of the wife of the President is very different from that of any other lady of his family who may preside over his official home. It is a status regulated by a simple but inexorable law, not only of etiquette, but of custom, and no woman has yet been in the White House who has ever broken the unwritten laws which govern her position. There is probably no situation easier to fill, as far as mere technical observance goes, than that of the wife of the President of the United States. She has a set of simple, official duties, as hostess of the White House, to perform. If she is ill, or feels unable to perform them, she is readily excused.

OFFICIAL MOURNING

Mrs. Roosevelt will be at no trouble to know what to do coming into the White House. Everything required of her is formulated in advance. She and the President will wear mourning for six months, as if they had lost a member of their own immediate family. Their writing-paper and cards—the latter being little used by either—will have a regulation mourning border. The White House coachmen and footmen will wear mourning liveries. There will be no formal entertaining or receiving of any sort.

After this period of strict mourning the official entertaining will begin, and the routine of the White House will go on as it has done for generations. A few changes creep in, but they are unimportant, and are merely slight concessions to alterations in manners. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison brought about a change in the nature of a reform, by simply courtesying, instead of shaking hands, with the thousands of persons who attend the White House receptions. Custom still prescribes that the President shall suffer the torture of shaking hands with every American citizen who offers. Mrs. Cleveland was the last President's wife who underwent the handshaking ordeal. Her right hand, subject to this incessant handshaking, grew perceptibly larger than her left hand. When Mrs. Harrison came in, she adopted the plan of carrying a fan in one hand and a bouquet in the other, and so had no hand left free, and a courteous bow took the place of the crushing handshake. Mrs. McKinley was the only lady of the White House who received sitting in a chair.

RIGID ETIQUETTE

It must never be forgotten that the personal bearing, manners and appearance of a President are of the greatest importance. There was a President—a good, though not a great, man—who continually offended the susceptibilities of the public by wearing an alpaca coat in public, and by many other harmless but displeasing breaches of the strict code which the people have laid down for their President. It is a singular instance of the survival of General Washington's traditions, that the people will excuse readily any excess of ceremony and even exclusiveness in a President or his wife, but they will never overlook anything approaching demagogism. The President of the United States and his wife are held to a rigid account of their manners. They may form and plan and move heaven and earth for another four

years in the White House, but anything looking like playing to the gallery spells ruin to them. President Arthur, one of the best Presidents of modern times, became unquestionably the most popular by the exquisite propriety of everything that pertained to him, from his annual messages to Congress down to the cut of his servants' liveries and the freshness of the flower in his buttonhole.

Mrs. Roosevelt will enter the White House with the advantage of knowing something of Washington life. During the time that Mr. Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner, and, afterward, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mrs. Roosevelt spent her winters in Washington. They lived, during Mr. Roosevelt's last official term, at 1810 N Street, directly facing the side entrance of the British Embassy, which is on the corner of Connecticut Avenue and N Street. She was not, however, much seen in society. The care of her family of small children, and of her young stepdaughter, Miss Alice Lee Roosevelt, to whom she has been a devoted mother, took up most of her time. Their home was a modest one, and they did little entertaining.

THINGS THAT MUST BE LEFT UNDONE

While the things that Mrs. Roosevelt must do are few in number and simple, the things she must not do are many and, sometimes, real deprivations. But as all etiquette is really common sense applied to small things, these restrictions in effect make her position far easier in the end. She can attend few private entertainments—so few, that it practically shuts her out of general society. Mrs. Harrison, during her stay in the White House, went to not more than half a dozen private parties. Mrs. Cleveland scarcely exceeded that number. Mrs. McKinley never went to any. The official dinners given by the Cabinet officers to the President and his wife are necessarily dull, being made up of the same small and intimate circle, meeting on that occasion in the most ceremonious manner. Mrs. Roosevelt is prohibited by custom, as the President is, from enter-

ing the house of any ambassador or envoy whatever, such premises being, technically, foreign ground. If she goes to the theatre, she must sit in a lower box. She may go to one ball in the year—the annual charity ball—when, if disposed, she may walk through two or three quadrilles. But if she should venture to dance a round dance, it would mean a cataclysm. So would it be if she were to appear in a carriage sitting anywhere else than in the left-hand corner of the back seat if the President is with her, or the right-hand corner if he is not with her.

DIPLOMACY FOR THE FIRST LADY

Mrs. Roosevelt cannot pay general visits. She cannot give dancing parties. The daughter of the President may invite her young friends and have dancing. Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison did it during President Harrison's incumbency. But the invitations must be informal and not in the name of the President or his wife. Mrs. Roosevelt should learn the politics of every member of the Senate and House, so as to distribute her personal civilities, such as invitations to receive, etc., among the two great parties. This matter, however, can be settled by the army officer in charge of public buildings and grounds. Mrs. Roosevelt will enter upon a position of imposing dignity and great dulness. It will leave her ample time for the attention to her children and household which she has been accustomed to giving, and for reading and study. If she observes the laws which custom and etiquette have established, she may reckon upon being secure from unfavorable comment, and that she will do this and prove a graceful and acceptable lady of the White House no one in this whole country doubts.



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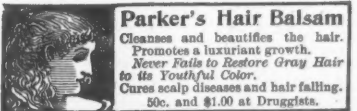
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William McKinley—Theodore Roosevelt

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

IN THE little more than fifty-eight years of his life, Mr. McKinley had gone from an humble station to the highest. During all his life, he had nothing that he did not earn. He was born not only without riches, but without the means of acquiring as good an education as the country could have given him. But "he taught in the public schools" before he was eighteen, and that he did so at that time, 1860, and in that community, was a mark of personal worth and public confidence. When the war of secession came he was eighteen, and he enlisted as a private. He had been trusted by the community in which he was born, but he was still in the ranks of citizenship. At a time when officers were sorely needed, and when young men were therefore obtaining commissions through political and social influences, William McKinley shouldered a musket and began his career. In a year, he was a sergeant, and in two years more he had become a captain. When the war was over, he was brevetted major for gallantry in battle. Then he took up the dropped thread of his education, and prepared himself for the practice of law in two years. In 1867 he was admitted to the bar, and settled at Canton in his native State of Ohio, which has ever since been his home. In 1869, he was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark County. In 1876, he was chosen a member of the National House of Representatives, and there he served for fourteen years, his defeat in 1890 being followed by his election as Governor of Ohio. Having served two terms in this office, he was nominated for President the year following his retirement from it, and was elected then, and again in 1900. This is the sketch of a career which is common here, which is possible in France and Switzerland, but which cannot be that of any but the favorites of fortune in any other country in the world.

The feeling that the fledgling in politics who comes from the shop or the farm, or whose origin is unknown, may go anywhere, is part of the political atmosphere of the country where neither poverty nor wealth is an unconquerable disadvantage. But it is often said that there is no career in public life in this country. In a measure, this is true; but many men besides Mr. McKinley have disproved its absolute soundness. The truth is, that there is no political career in this country for mere mediocrity. In order that a man may remain in public life he must be useful to a cause, or to a party, or to a constituency, or to an interest which is affected by legislation or administration. The man who serves, and whose service is practical, is not likely to be dismissed. The man who develops the capacity of leadership remains in public life. There are exceptions, of course, but there is also always some exceptional condition or reason which specially affects the public's attitude toward useful individuals, and groups of individuals, who are dismissed from public life. The rule stands, that a useful and faithful man's public career is almost entirely dependent for its continuity and its duration upon the fortunes of his party.

AMERICA SPILLED PROSPERITY TO MCKINLEY

Mr. McKinley was in a very marked degree a typical American from the Middle West. He was born and he lived in that part of the country whither New England fled from barren rocks. The sons of the Pilgrim and the Puritan left the hard lot of poverty to dwell and prosper in a land of promise. Here their minds and sentiments and characters expanded beyond the narrow limits in which they had been bound by hard labor and sour disappointment. The kindly sun which warmed their fields and ripened their fruits made its way through the crannies of their minds and hearts, and warmed their imaginations and affections. The meaning of the country to them became exalted. Instead of enjoying the mere right to dig and delve for small results, and to make the laws which governed them, unrestrained by any but the public will, they prospered and grew rich, and counted their prosperity and riches as blessings of their free institutions and of republican government. They spoke of their country in terms of millions of bushels, and, moved by their ideals of liberty and equality, they devoted their astonishing energies to the task of converting those bushels, not merely into income-earning shares and bonds, but into schools and colleges, churches, libraries, lecture-rooms, and, chief of all, into comfortable homes. During his whole life, America spelled prosperity to William McKinley. He was proud of the greatness, the growth, the richness of his country; he gloried in the splendor of its material achievements; his vision was of a land sufficient unto itself. Liberty and self-government seemed to him to be building up, perhaps to have built up, the most independent, the most enlightened, the best educated, the best conducted, the most prosperous, and the richest people in the world. His heart was full of love for these people; his mind was eagerly bent upon discovering and putting into operation means for the expansion of this glorious and glorifying material and intellectual splendor. Occasionally it seemed to his gratified vision as though all this prosperity and happiness were a special gift of God to a favored people. To his fervent mind, every step that the American People took was a step in their upward path, and from every contact with them happy foreigners took increase of blessing. Herein lay the seed of his policy—the policy of building up industries by a protective tariff and the policy of annexing the conquered and ceded territories of Spain. From the moment when war had placed in our hands the alien peoples of the East and South, it seemed as though Mr. McKinley thoroughly believed that the subjugation of these people was for their own good, and that the American people must accept the burden, must undertake to elevate them no matter what might be the cost to ourselves.

His patriotism, one may say, was that of a dreamer, and it is probably true that, other things being equal, the man who dreams dreams in this country will be the most successful man in politics. The man whose rich imagination is quickened by the atmosphere of what we call our progress is the man most likely to win the admiration of his

imaginative and adventurous countrymen. The profoundness of Mr. McKinley's belief in the country, the warmth of his manifest affection for it, his dreams of the future and his mastery of men explain his long career and its crowning glory.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt entered public life from quite different social and political surroundings than those in which Mr. McKinley was born and bred. The Republic possesses an aristocracy, although it is the fashion to deny it. There are families, however, whose lines of cultivated and masterful generations make them the best we have. Families as well as individuals have their opportunities in the democracy, and if they take advantage of their good fortune, the Republic is so much the better served. Theodore Roosevelt came from a family happy and prosperous in the possession of generations of ability and character, and distinguished by faithful and competent servants it had given to the country. Especially has it been rich in philanthropists, one of the noblest and most beneficent memorials in the city of New York, the city of the new President and his ancestors, bearing constant and eloquent witness to the noble humanity which has been characteristic of more Roosevelts than the founder of the great hospital which bears the family name. Among the Roosevelts most respected and beloved while living, and most sincerely regretted after death, was Theodore Roosevelt, the President's father, who was a philanthropist known throughout the city for his charities, and an ardent patriot known throughout the country for his services to the Union in the war of secession.

Theodore Roosevelt the younger, now President, was born in the city of New York in 1858. He began life in an atmosphere which appears not only to differ from that in which Mr. McKinley lived, but as likely to beget antagonistic or incompatible mental attitudes. But this is much more a suggestion than a reality, not half so real as the difference in the temperaments of the two men. Different as these social conditions, circumstances and temperaments were, however, each was reared and taught in a school of intense Americanism. There was some doubt thrown upon the patriotism of New York when the war of secession broke out, but the stock from which Roosevelt sprang was as patriotic as the farmers of Massachusetts who faced the British at the Concord bridge, or as the farmers of Ohio who followed Grant and Sherman and Thomas through the campaigns which saved the Union. Theodore Roosevelt probably never knew a moment of doubt as to the greatness and power of his country; and was conscious from his early youth of the duty and honor of public service. Those who come into the world with comfort ready-made for them, with labor to do only if they want to do it, with the opportunity to choose ease and self-indulgence, are not usually the stuff of which the democracy's servants are made. On the whole, democracy has suffered from this. Nowhere in the country, during the half-century just passed, have intelligence, education, mere public spirit, been so slightly regarded as in the metropolis. The chances there were distinctly against a young man of President Roosevelt's ambition, and would have been so even if he had been a member of the city's dominant party. If he had set himself the endeavor to rise into national prominence through local service he would have been regarded as a dreamer, although he has since rendered local service of a character which has added to his fame throughout the country.

HATED BY MACHINE POLITICIANS

So it is to be recollected, in viewing the career of the President, that it began in a hostile community. He had wealth and was a graduate of Harvard University, possessing the advantage, however, of having been a real student there. He had high courage, an active mind, and the love of contest strong within him. Almost at once he was successful. McKinley's qualities counted for him among the farmers of Ohio; Roosevelt's for him in the more critical and hostile atmosphere of New York. He was chosen to the State Assembly in 1881, a year after he was out of the university, and at once he became known as an intelligent legislator, and a very active and persistent force against corrupt government. He did not escape the malice and hatred of the machine politicians of the baser sort, although, from the very first, these people found him intensely practical. He did not talk in the air; he was the author and promoter of legislation. He did not put himself in opposition to the party organization, but he prodded the opposition machine, the corrupt rulers of the city, sharply and vigorously.

It is most interesting to note the very different influences which were all through their early lives operating in favor of two very different men. While McKinley was breathing in the stimulating friendly air of a vast and rich prosperity which glorified our free institutions, and made the country appear the nourishing mother of a favored race, Roosevelt was fighting the evil conditions produced by evil men who had perverted the institutions of democracy to their own selfish ends. And the experience of each was deepening his patriotism, for the young reformer in the thick of his fight was conscious that the country was with him, if his city was against him, and therefore evil conditions seemed to him to be the exceptional blot of a great city controlled by men escaping from countries not so free as this one, men whose roots did not reach down into the free soil of America. Doubtless his consciousness that his party stood in opposition to the corrupt rulers of New York made him more and more intensely Republican, and more and more insistent upon the value of the party organization.

A NEW ERA IN POLITICS

It was at a time when educated and enthusiastic young men were beginning to take part in politics that Mr. Roosevelt came upon the stage. Intense and vigorous, he rushed to the front, and was at once recognized as one of the

"scholars in politics," and one of the reformers. So different were the influences which had formed him from those that had been naturally adopted by Republican leaders whose personal fortunes were at least seemingly happier, that Roosevelt came out of the university not only a believer in low tariffs, but a free trader, and for a time was an active and prominent member of the Free Trade League of New York. This economic faith of his was only an attribute of his youth; he has long since abandoned the teachings of the scholars and the beliefs of a great commercial city for the faith of his party. It was, however, essentially as a reformer and enemy of political corruption that Mr. Roosevelt went to Chicago as chairman of the New York delegation, intent upon the defeat of Mr. Blaine. It is well to pause a moment to dwell upon the youthfulness of this leader. He was only twenty-six when he led the delegates of the largest State in the Union in one of the most difficult struggles which the party had ever encountered, a struggle which resulted in the party's loss of the Presidency because the cause which Roosevelt espoused did not succeed.

OUT FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT

Coming back vanquished from the convention, he remained a partisan, but he did not cease to be a reformer. He had sought the defeat of Blaine for the same reason that he had sought the exposure and punishment of Tammany. He is for good government, but he has never sought it against the Republican party, never assumed that he could find it elsewhere. Men differ as to the duty of a reformer in the presence of such a dilemma as President Roosevelt and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge faced in 1884. But those who cheerfully accept the rôle and fate of teachers and prophets do not stand on the same level with those who are confident that they can render the best service to the country by adherence to their party, and, if they can gain public honors without personal dishonor, by actual and efficient service. Mr. Roosevelt has always believed in the necessity of maintaining the party organization, and he has carried his loyalty to his party so far that Senator Platt has said, since the death of Mr. McKinley, that, as Governor, Mr. Roosevelt always did about what the machine desired. This is not true, as we shall see further on; but Senator Platt sees his way to saying it because, as is well known, Mr. Roosevelt has always insisted that he is an organization man, and never was he more insistent upon this than during his Governorship. Nevertheless, at the time of which I have been speaking, 1884, he was of the opinion that his future participation in politics would probably be as a writer on public questions, and this I have had from his own lips since his election to the Vice-Presidency. It is worth mentioning now, as another instance of the difficulties in his way. Conditions were decidedly unfavorable for a young reformer, born in the wrong part of the country, in a hopelessly Democratic city, and whose nature and temperament drove him into constant acts of hostility to cold and selfish bosses. He supported Blaine, therefore, and was condemned by many friends who knew; but could not sympathize with, his philosophy. In 1886, he was nominated to lead the Republican forlorn hope in the Mayoralty contest, and his acceptance of that nomination was another evidence of his party loyalty.

HIS BRILLIANT CAREER

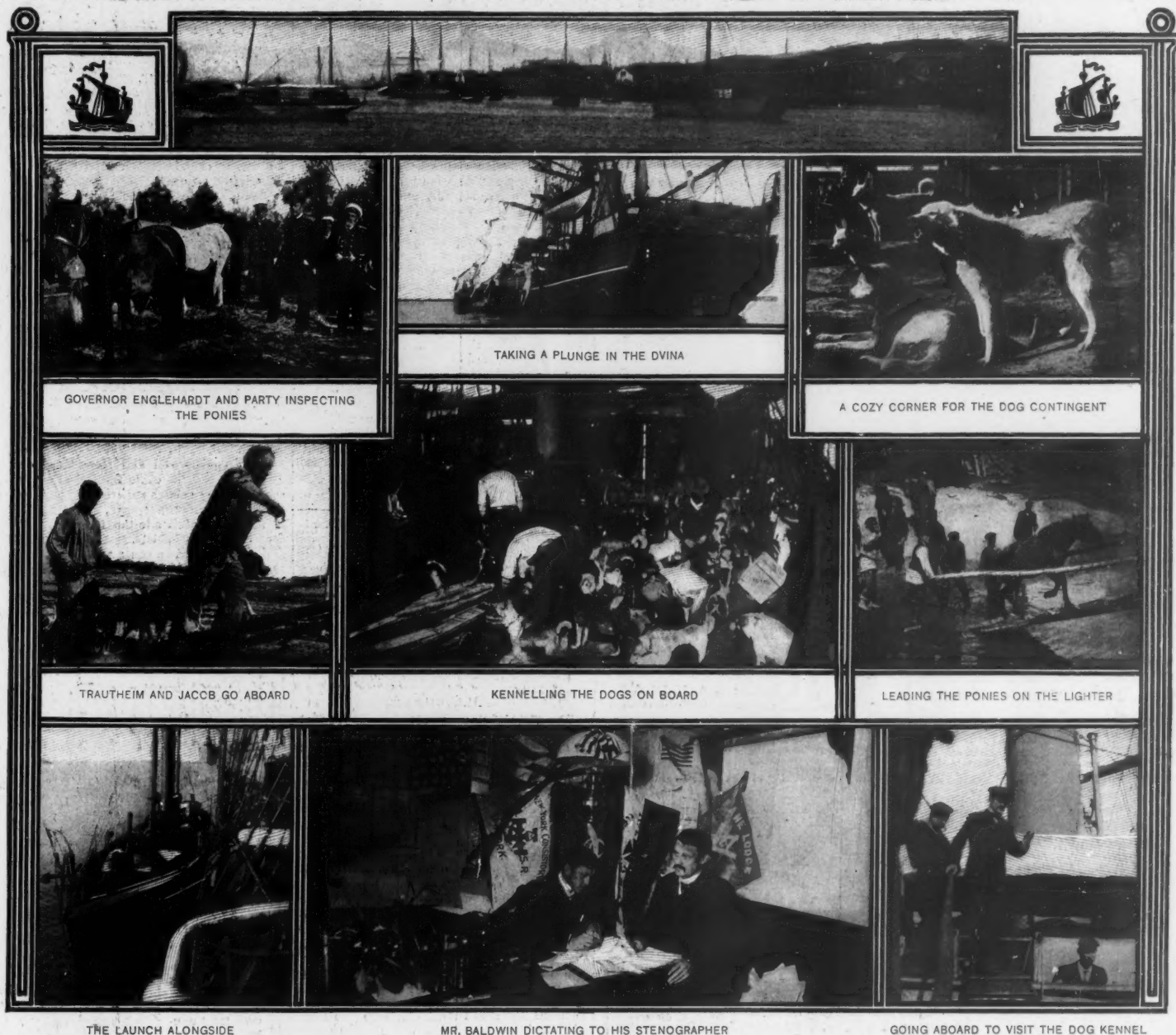
Thus we follow him up to the recent times, during which he has been National Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner of the City of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of the Rough Riders in the war with Spain, Governor of New York, and Vice-President of the United States. From 1889, when he was appointed by Mr. Harrison a Civil Service Commissioner, until now, twelve years, his career has been remarkable for its fulness, for its brilliancy, and for its display of so striking a personality that even in offices in which most men sink out of sight and out of hope for a future, he has been constantly in the public eye, not merely in that of his immediate public, but in that of the nation. The whole country has watched him distinguish hitherto obscure offices, and has seen him rise to the highest place in spite of reiterated predictions that each of the offices to which he has been appointed would be the grave of his political career.

It was due, as is well known, to the war with Spain that the new President owed his nomination and election to the Governorship of New York. The war enabled him to arrive sooner than could have been expected by his most ardent admirers. But it was this war from which has also grown all doubt of Mr. Roosevelt's safety as the Chief Magistrate of the nation. His eagerness for war, his haste into it, his praises of battle and bloodshed as moral agencies, have disturbed men who once trusted in him for his valiant contests for honest administration.

In the end, we must forecast his Presidency from his administration of the Governorship. Mr. Platt's assertion that the organization then got about what it wanted from him is in harmony with the criticisms of those who are most hostile to Mr. Platt. But if the present Governor of New York is reaping honor and winning praise for his virtues, it is because he is following the example of Mr. Roosevelt, whose administration was distinctly in aid of good government, and who left the State in better condition than it had been in since Grover Cleveland was Governor. Instead of obeying the organization, he insisted that Aldridge should not be Superintendent of the Public Works; that the Black Civil Service law should be repealed and the present law enacted; that the Franchise Tax bill should be passed; that the city of New York should be protected from the Ramapo conspiracy; that Payn should retire from the office of Insurance Superintendent. He drove the spoilsman out of the capital, and carried out the promise of his reforming youth. And this, then, we may expect of him at Washington—the defence and enlargement of the merit system in the civil service, an honest government free from scandal.

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TROMSOE, AS SEEN FROM THE "AMERICA"



THE LAUNCH ALONGSIDE

MR. BALDWIN DICTATING TO HIS STENOGRAPHER

GOING ABOARD TO VISIT THE DOG KENNEL

STARTING FOR THE NORTH POLE

By EVELYN B. BALDWIN, Commander of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition

NOTE—Polar Expedition history is being made so rapidly at the present time that, although Mr. Baldwin wrote the following account of his start for the North Pole less than six weeks ago, several important events have occurred since his departure. News has very recently been received from Lieutenant Peary, to the effect that he has rounded the northern coast of Greenland and reached the furthest north on this side of the Pole at 83° 50' north latitude. Baron Toll's expedition has been heard from, but no important result has been accomplished by it. Admiral Makaroff has returned

to St. Petersburg in his ice-breaker, *Yermak*, and has reported his plan of pushing his way through the ice to be a failure. On August 5, Baldwin had reached 78° north, and was at that time attempting to find a way through the ice in order to establish his encampment near the 80th parallel. Interest, therefore, should centre in the two Americans who, on opposite sides of the Pole, are preparing for their final dashes next summer. Because of his lavish equipment, Baldwin seems most likely to win. Nansen recently expressed the opinion that Baldwin would be the first man to reach the Pole.

PROBABLY the strangest-looking craft that ever sailed away from any port is the *America*, flagship of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition, as she left Tromsøe, the last northern outpost of civilization. For the *America* is almost all cargo and no ship. When we left Solombala, Russia, our last stopping-place, we were so low in the water because of our tremendous load of provisions and equipment that we did not add the several tons of hay and oats until we had passed the two low-water bars. When the provender for our horses did come on, however, we had to stow it away where never before had a cargo been loaded on a ship. Two hundred and sixty bales of hay and nine tons of oats were placed in the cabins, on the cabin decks, on the captain's bridge, between the rigging, in the passageways, and wherever else space could be found. Thus do we sail away in search of the secrets which have so long been successfully guarded by the Ice Sphinx of the North. In spite of the strange appearance of our ship, and of the dread terrors which we are to face before we shall again return to civilization, every member of the crew or of the expedition, now waving farewell to our pilot, or listening to the faint hurrahs from the shore, is filled with hope and determination to accomplish the mission we have set out upon. With every one of us, the determination to win the goal—this elusive geographic point whence every direction is south—is like that of the Spartan who went forth with his mother's injunction to return with his shield or on it. No other expedition to the Pole has set out with so complete an equipment or such lavish provision for every emergency. Americans are proud of the fact that the generosity of one of their countrymen has made possible this expedition, and we who are members of it feel the responsibility that has been put upon us.

THE START FROM TROMSOE

For spectacular purposes, we ought to call our departure

from Tromsøe, Norway, the start of our expedition; for here was the gorgeousness of a sunlit night to accompany the three vessels of our fleet on their separate ways. Moreover, this was our real start, the only important stop thereafter being made to take on our dogs, ponies and last lot of supplies at Solombala. It was at Tromsøe that we met; the American contingency arriving on the *America* from Glasgow, the *Frithjof* and *Belgica*, with their crews, coming from nearer ports, and it was here we took on most of our supplies. I had been delayed in London and Hamburg by the non-arrival of some equipment, and when I reached Tromsøe the labor of loading our fleet was well under way. For a week following, every man on board the *America* gave undoubted evidence of his energy and enthusiasm by his hard work in storing away upon this vessel a cargo of equipment and provisions which, it was whispered about on my arrival in Tromsøe, would require another vessel. Two or three ship-owners expressed their solicitude, and offered me (but not without hire) their vessels for the express purpose of assisting in transporting our equipment to Franz Josef Land. There were over five thousand separate packages—in bales, boxes, crates, and bundles—awaiting us; but when we had disposed of useless packing material, our four years' supply of food was easily placed aboard the *America*, and the luckless ship-owners slipped away. More disappointing than this was the experience of the merchant of whom we had purchased ten tons of dried fish for our dogs. When he saw the fully loaded *America* he became alarmed and said to me:

"Of course you will be obliged to pay me a commission for taking the fish off your hands."

A CLOSELY PACKED CARGO

It was not until we had moved most of the fish from his warehouses that he recovered from his astonishment and

gave up the idea of an extra gratuity. By separating bales, crates and boxes, and stowing away the fish, a handful at a time, in any place where there was an open space, we finally succeeded in getting every bit of the dog food aboard. Our portable houses, three in number, were all that were then left, and the *Frithjof* took two of these and the *America* the other.

The following Tuesday was set for our final departure, but it was 8.15 in the evening before the anchor was cleared. Numerous rowboats hovered about us, and on shore could be seen a large throng of people answering our parting salutes. Scarcely had we gotten fairly under way when suddenly one of the heavy anchor chains began to rattle and tear away at a rapid rate; the fish-hook of the anchor had broken, and down went a ton or more of iron to the very bottom of the sound. Again we were delayed for half an hour in replacing the anchor, after which, without further hindrance, we proceeded speedily northward. That night and the following day, the weather continuing perfect, both steamers kept well together. There was just enough breeze to keep our flags unfurled and ruffling, and the black smoke rolling gracefully from the funnels. At three o'clock in the afternoon, we steamed quietly into the harbor of Hammerfest, remaining there a full hour and a half without casting anchor, while we received our mail and made a few purchases on shore.

It had been arranged that the *Frithjof* should leave us at Mager Oen, and proceed thence direct to Franz Josef Land; so I remained up during the night to conclude my letter of instructions to Mr. W. S. Champ, who had been placed in charge of the party and equipment on board the *Frithjof*. While the main object to be accomplished by the *Frithjof* was stated in this letter to be twofold—namely, the securing of game, and the establishing of a station—yet the scientific side was not overlooked; to Mr. Otis was assigned the photographic work, while to Mr. Long, Observer United

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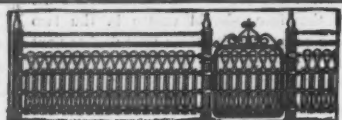
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States Weather Bureau, and to De Bruler the meteorological and biological observations and collections were committed. For this purpose a separate set of instruments was taken along with them. During Mr. Long's absence, the regular meteorological records on the *America* will be continued by Mr. Leffingwell and Mr. Porter. We shall thus be able to obtain comparable results.

ADVANCING NORTHWARD

Arriving at Honning's Vaag—a small fishing and telegraphic station just below the 71st degree of north latitude, and less than ten miles almost due south of the North Cape—at about two o'clock in the morning, I at once boarded the *Frithjof* for a final conference with Captains Johansen and Kjeldsen, and Mr. Champ, so that there might occur no possible misunderstanding as to the place of final rendezvous for the two steamers in Franz Josef Land. All this was incidental to the delivery of my letter of instructions, by the terms of which the *Frithjof* was directed to proceed northward up the British Channel, should open water prevail, and establish a station on the east side of the Channel, but not south of the 81st parallel. In case a further nothing could be obtained in the British Channel, the *Frithjof* was then directed to retrace her course, and endeavor to enter Markham Sound, to the northwest of McClintock Island, and search for walrus, as well as to learn the condition of the ice in Markham Sound, preliminary to proceeding thence eastward to Cape Tegethoff, and up Austria Sound, should open water prevail in that section of the archipelago. In the event that the sound should be found free of ice, it was directed that the *Frithjof* should endeavor to reach either Becker or Kane Islands, or Fort McKinley, before discharging her cargo; furthermore, she was charged with the mission of establishing cairns, duly marked.

THE DOGS AND PONIES OF SOLOMBALA

The *Frithjof*, her captain having received final instructions, took a northerly course direct for Franz Josef Land; the *Belgica* had already set out for Greenland; the *America*, rounding North Cape, proceeded in a southeasterly direction toward Northern Russia. We stopped at Vardoe to get a quantity of senné grass (to be used in our Arctic footgear), Lapp shoes, and a few other necessities which were not obtainable elsewhere; but our most important, and last stop was at Solombala. Here it was that our camp of dogs and ponies was located, and the task of transferring our live stock to the *America* was no light one. For nearly a year, Tronheim, who had previously secured the dogs for the Nansen and the Duke of Abruzzi expeditions, had been engaged in gathering these half-wild Siberian animals which are to be such an important element in our advance on the Pole. The dogs were in fine condition—430 of them. Tronheim, in order to be on the safe side, had collected several more than I had ordered. Owing to the failure of the fishing season along the streams near Tobolsk, he found no difficulty in securing good dogs from the natives who would otherwise have been forced to let them starve. The authorities, however, gave Tronheim considerable trouble. Many of the governors of districts prohibit the gathering of so many dogs, and, had it not been for the assistance of Alexander Engelhardt, Governor of Archangel, this important work might not have been accomplished.

OFF AT LAST

As soon as our additional cargo was disposed of, we made our final preparations, paid a few official calls and arranged to have a "pilot extraordinary" take us down the river until we should pass the first two bars. Meantime, however, the British pro-Consul, Mr. Paetz, had spread for us a sort of international love feast, at which more than half of our expedition members, as well as various Russian and German officials, were present. It was on this very pleasant occasion that Governor Engelhardt translated for me a long despatch outlining the plans of the Russian expedition under Admiral Makaroff. In his famous ice-breaker, *Yermak*.

We were so low in the water, as I have already explained, that we did not attempt to take on the hay and oats for our horses until we had passed the second bar. Every available space in the hold or on or between decks seemed to be occupied, but we managed to get the provender aboard without accident. Our own pilot, John Kotzoff, then took charge of the ship, and we moved slowly down toward the outer bar. The sudden thudding of the propeller and the trembling of the rigging gave evidence that we were dangerously near going aground; then gradually the ship steadied herself and once more we felt ourselves upon the bosom of the placid deep. The old pilot drew a deep breath and crossed his arms upon his chest. The strain had taxed his nerves to the limit. We placed him aboard the lightspeed which always remains at anchorage at this particular place. As we got under full speed the lightspeed gave us a parting salute and the signal of "Bon voyage." We were off for the frozen North.

A Few Facts

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WALTER CAMP

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

THE opening day of the Golf Tournament for the amateur championship at Atlantic City was a long one indeed, the first pair teeing off at seven o'clock in the morning and the last to finish coming in by lantern light at seven o'clock in the evening. And it was a hard day for many of them; disappointments were numerous; but for all that most of the expected ones qualified in the first 32. The scores were the lowest ever made in the amateur championship, Travis, playing with one of the rubber-centre shell balls, finished at the top with a 157. His first round going out was not remarkable, being a 42, which was beaten by several of the players in their first nine holes, but coming in he managed a most consistent round for a 39, and going out the next time made four threes, which netted him a 37, and he came in with the same score as his return journey in the morning—viz., a 39—thus netting him three scores better than Douglas, who was his nearest competitor. Travis secured eight threes in his 36 holes, which was a fair measure of his accuracy. Douglas, who struck a hundred and sixty times, lost his chance of tying Travis when, in coming in in the morning round, he took two sixes and four fives, netting him 43. His first journey out was a 40; in the afternoon he made a 39 and 38. Darby of Atlantic City made things interesting in the morning by going out in 38,



A. G. LOCKWOOD WALTER EGAN HOLABIRD

as did also Griscom of Philadelphia; but both men fell off after that, and, while they qualified, dropped down in the list. Myers of Fox Hills was brilliant as usual. In the morning he got 79, two better than Travis and four better than Douglas, but an 83 in the afternoon put him in third place, with, however, a most creditable 161. Two Chicago men followed tied at fourth—young Holabird and Egan. P. H. Jennings tied for sixth, with A. M. Reid of St. Andrews. Seeley, the winner of the Connecticut State Championship, qualified, but was not quite up to the game he has sometimes shown. Louis Livingston of West Brook was far down in the list, but among the happy qualifiers. Lockwood qualified, but far down in the list, with 173. C. Hitchcock, Jr., the Narragansett winner, was one stroke away from qualifying, as also, much to the surprise of many, was John Reid, Jr. Travis's score was nine better than the score which put him at the top last season, while the last to qualify, 175, was twelve strokes better than the qualifying limit last year.

The first day of matched play developed some startling surprises, although as a matter of fact practically all the favorites got home safely in the end. Travis had drawn J. R. Porter of Pittsburg, a comparatively new man to the golfing public. When it is said, however, that he went out in 42, came in in 41, and made his second journey out in 39, some idea can be formed of the kind of game it was necessary for Travis to play in order to hold him. But the cham-

THE BUFFALO AUTOMOBILE RUN



CLIMBING CONTEST ON NELSEN'S HILL

pion proved quite equal to the emergency; for, after going out in 40, he came home with a remarkably steady round of 37, and had his man 5 down. Yet Porter was game, and started out in the afternoon with excellent determination and nerve; for of the first seven holes he won one, lost one, and halved five; but the big lead gained by Travis in the morning proved too much for him, and he closed on the thirty-third hole 5 down with 3 to play.

Meanwhile, the other favorite, Findlay Douglas, was having even a harder time with another man from the Smoky City, George Ormiston. Ormiston is a Scotchman who learned his game over there, and is little known here in tournaments. The two men went out each in 88, Douglas tying the match on the home green.

Every one said, however, "Wait until afternoon and Douglas will make a runaway match of it!" But the greens still proved troublesome to him, and Ormiston kept hanging on to his man so that they were still even at the twenty-seventh hole. Here Douglas went to pieces badly on the next two holes, and among other things got himself into the bunker. The match looked desperate for him, but he pulled himself together, and led by one hole on the thirty-fifth green, the thirty-sixth was halved, and Douglas drew a long breath of relief that it was over and he still remained in the going.

Allan Kennaday of Montclair fell an easy victim to the phenomenal going of young Holabird, to whom all the cups seemed big; in fact, the Chicago player proved a fiend at the putting game and carried Kennaday, who had been noted for that specialty, off his feet with the way he dropped the balls into the cups from any and all distances. Ten holes



PRESIDENT SHATTUCK ABOUT TO CLIMB NELSEN'S HILL

from home the Montclair player was stopped with 12 down. Seeley of Wee Burn broke down the record-going Darby of Philadelphia with 4 up and 3 to play, while W. C. Fownes put out Myers, the Massachusetts champion, with 2 up and 1 to play. Young Archie Reid kept up his good work by defeating Hamilton of Baltusrol 3 up and 2 to go. The other matches resulted as follows: Fyne put out Perrin 5 up and 3 to play, Egan beat Ward 12 up and 10 to go, Livingston beat Reinhart 5 up and 3 to go, Byers beat Smith 7 up and 6 to go, Griscom beat Gallagher 3 up and 1 to go, H. C. Fownes beat Smith 2 up and 1 to go, Lockwood beat Harban 1 up, Thorp beat Johnston by the same score, Jennings beat Fredricks 2 up and 1 to go, and MacDonald of Chicago defeated MacDonald of Florida 1 up.

The second day of match play was more sensational than the first. In the Lockwood-Holabird match the gallery found something well worth following. The first hole was halved in 5, Lockwood topping his drive and Holabird over-running his second. The next hole was also halved, but at the third Holabird pulled his drive and sliced his brassy, thus enabling Lockwood, to win the hole in 4 to the young Chicago player's 5. Both went at the fourth in deadly earnest. Each drove the green, and Lockwood just missed holing down in 2 and the hole was halved in 3. On the long fifth hole, the older man added to his lead of 1 by



REPAIRING A STEARNS

getting down in 6 to Holabird's 7, the latter missing a put on the green for a half. The sixth and seventh were also halved, in 4 and 5 respectively. Then Holabird pulled the Bostonian down to 1 up by making the eighth hole, one hundred and seventy-nine yards, in 2, driving the green and running down a pretty put. Lockwood came again on the next with 4 to Holabird's 5, which put him 2 up at the ninth hole. Some idea of the fast golf both were playing can be gained from the fact that Lockwood had gone out in 38 and Holabird in 40.

But even more sensational play was to follow; for going to the tenth, two hundred yards, Lockwood drove the green, Holabird followed with a drive that actually rimmed the cup, Lockwood playing the odd saved himself by running down a long put, thus halving the hole in 2. But the young Westerner was evidently determined to reduce his opponent's lead, and on the next hole, as Lockwood took 3, he succeeded in doing it, for he ran down a twenty-yard put from the very edge of the green, giving him a second two on the homeward journey, or three twos in four holes. This left him but 1 down. The twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth holes were halved, but on the fifteenth Lockwood succeeded, with a good useful four, in once more getting back to 2 up. This apparently broke the Westerner's heart, for he took six each on the seventeenth and eighteenth, Lockwood holing down in five and ending the morning round 4 up. Lockwood's score for the eighteen holes was 75 and Holabird's 79.

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LAKEWOOD POLO TEAM CHAMPIONS 1901

In the afternoon, Lockwood maintained this
lead, and finished 4 up and 3 to play. Dou-
glas found in Grisco a much easier proposition
than he had in his man of the day before,
beating him 10 up and 9 to play; while
Travis had no difficulty in beating the
former champion, MacDonald, 7 up and 6
to play. The two Yale men—Jennings,
the substitute on the Yale team, and Byers,
one of the standbys—were drawn against
each other, and the substitute defeated the
regular by 7 up and 5 to play. Livingston
put out Thorp 3 up and 2 to play.

The Douglas-Livingston match on Thurs-
day was not up to standard, but fairly close
through the morning round, both making
some bad going of it. But in the afternoon
their play was, considering the conditions,
quite equal to any of the tournament, each
going out on that round in 39.

An idea of the strength of the game
played by each may be gained from the fact
that Douglas put his second on the seventh
green, four hundred and eighty-three yards,
within twelve yards of the hole, while Liv-
ingston was hole high in three on the fifth,
five hundred and forty-five yards, against a
strong wind. Douglas was 2 up at the end
of the morning round and only 1 up at the
twelfth, but eventually won the match by 4
up and 3 to play. The young Yale golfer,
Jennings, caught Travis badly off his game
in the morning, and had him 3 down; but
the veteran, like Douglas, settled down to
business in the afternoon, went out in 39,
and had made up his deficiency on the
twenty-fourth green. Turning for home,
he had the Yale man 1 down, and at one
time, four holes from home, had him 3
down; but Jennings finally managed to
carry the contest up to next to the last
green, Travis winning 3 up and 1 to go.

Seely was considered by the Boston con-
tingent as certain of defeat at the hands of
Lockwood, but after finishing all even in the
morning, both playing rather badly, Seely
worked steadily along and eventually suc-
ceeded in putting Lockwood out by 2 up
and 1 to play. Egan, the promising young
Chicago man, upon whom Western hopes
finally depended, had a heartbreaking con-
test with Pyne. Egan was 4 up at lunch-
eon-time, but Pyne went out in the after-
noon in a most creditable 39, and kept
things going until they were all square at
the twenty-sixth hole; Egan, however,
made a masterly four on the twenty-seventh
and started for home 1 up. Pyne again
pulled this down, and the match saw-sawed
until, playing for the thirty-sixth hole, they
were all even. Egan pulled it out, however,
Pyne missing a put for a half, and the match
belonged to the Westerner.

There was practically but one match in the
semi-finals on Friday, for Seely, the Con-
necticut State champion, was so far off his
game that Egan, although taking an 81 in

the morning, was never approached by Seely.
But the other match required thirty-eight
holes to decide whether steady Travis would
defeat brilliant Douglas and secure the right
to enter the final. Starting out in the morning,
they began halving the holes; then at the turn
they were all square. So they were, also, at
the twelfth hole. Then Travis went into the
lead again by taking the thirteenth and four-
teenth, and the next four were halved, so that
at luncheon time Travis was 2 up. The nine-
teenth, or first hole of the afternoon, was
halved; but on the next, Douglas did some
weak putting, and Travis added another to
his lead. Then the brilliant player came to
the front once more and made matters all
even by winning the fifth, sixth and eighth
holes; the ninth was halved. Thus, with
three-quarters of the match gone, the two
players were level.

On the twenty-eighth hole, Douglas for
the first time secured the lead, as Travis
over-approached. But that terrible putter of
Douglas's once more got in its deadly work;
for on the twenty-ninth hole, with a two-
foot put to halve, he missed, and both were
even again. Douglas's weakness continued
on the next hole, which seemed his beyond
a shadow of doubt, for he used up four
strokes when within twenty yards of the
green and the hole was halved in a poor six.
Each man played up to his limit on the next
three holes. On the thirty-fourth, however,
Travis's ability to approach stood him in
good stead, for he ran up his ball dead to
the hole and secured the lead with but two
more holes to play. Once more Douglas
recovered heroically, and laid his second shot
within ten yards of the green, four hundred
and twenty-two yards, and pitched his third
dead, thus squaring the contest once more
with an excellent 4.

Driving off the tee for the home green,
Douglas, with the honor, got into the rough
stuff, Travis getting off a good ball. Dou-
glas's second was a fine recovery, and Travis,
over-eager for once, topped his ball in run-
ning up to the green. The hole was halved
in a par 5, thus leaving the match still square
at 36 holes. The first extra hole was halved
in 4. The excitement by this time was at fever
heat, but Douglas, who on the thirty-seventh
hole had shown a tendency to heel his drive,
did the same thing this time off the tee and
went into a ditch in the bad going on the left.

Once more he recovered brilliantly, getting
his ball within twenty yards of the green.
Travis, however, pitched within twelve feet
of the cup and ran down a brilliant put for
a 3 and the match. An analysis of the play
shows conclusively that Travis's strongest
point, outside of his stoical steadiness, is his
ability to land his approaches close to the
hole. He always plays on a line and never
pitches for the green as a green, but plays
as if his only chance depended upon rolling
the ball into the hole on the approach. It
is this that gave him his match with Dou-
glas, and enables him to defeat the majority
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Thursday, September 12,
was a bad day for the
chauffeurs, and the road
from Herkimer to Syracuse,
though only sixty-five miles,
will be remembered by them for many a day.
Rain had fairly sluiced the Mohawk Valley.
Fifty-six vehicles pulled out of Herkimer,
nevertheless.

By the closing of the night control forty-
eight of the fifty-six machines had been regis-
tered. As upon the day before, DeWolfe
Bishop's machine was the first to finish the
day's run at Syracuse. Hughes was only a
minute behind him, Winters, Deming, Ben-
jamin, and Southard finishing in that order.

Forty-eight machines started from Syracuse
on Friday morning for the run to Rochester,
which was to be the night control. The roads
between these points were "simply awful," as
expressed by the chauffeurs. Lyons was
reached at 11.21 by the Bishop machine.
Rochester was reached at 3.45, Bishop again
being the first in, with J. W. Packard second.
On Saturday morning, the contest was de-
clared ended because of the President's death.



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week, and graduating into the senior matches, they gave the Dedham men a bad half hour and made them fight up to the third period. Here, however, Dedham played the fastest kind of polo, and ran up eight goals while Rockaway was making two. The final score was 18 to 7.

In a drizzling and dispiriting rainstorm, through which, however, nearly ten thousand people sat, the Lakewood polo team defeated Dedham, last year's champions, by a score of 13½ to 3; the first two periods proved the hottest kind of a contest, although the field was slow and soggy. Rumsey made the first goal for Dedham in a minute and a half. Weld added another to Dedham's score inside of four minutes.

Then Lakewood began to show their true form, and within seven minutes Snowden had sent the ball three times between Dedham's posts. The second period thus began with Lakewood 3, Dedham 2. Lakewood added another in two and three-quarter minutes, but Dedham responded again, Rumsey getting down a second goal in a minute and a half. This, however, marked the end of Dedham's goal-making for the game. Within twenty seconds, Snowden had scored again for Lakewood, which was followed up by two more goals by him in that period. In the third, Keene and M. Waterbury each scored a goal and Snowden added still one more to Lakewood's score, Dedham failing to get even a look-in. In the fourth period, L. Waterbury and M. Waterbury, Keene and Snowden each took a turn at a goal. Thus Lakewood earned fourteen goals, but lost one quarter on a safety by L. Waterbury. The game was an excellent exhibition, considering the condition of the field, Keene playing quite up to his handicap and the two Waterburys backing him up well. Snowden made a good fourth in the combination, and Keene's generalship was apparent on all occasions.

WALTER CAMP.

KRUGER CONFESSES

SOME PEOPLE say one can find everything in the Bible, and "Oom Paul" seems to think so, for he has been using it as his private telegraphic code—so comes the story from Holland. A recipient of a letter at The Hague, according to the Dutch papers, has been informed by a friend in South Africa of Mr. Kruger's reply to a request that was sent him by his friends at the time of his wife's death. They wired to "Oom Paul," asking him what they were to do next. The letter says: "On Sunday we buried 'Tante Sanna,' and on Monday we wired to 'Oom Paul.' He cabled back, 'Read Proverbs, chapter 7, verses 19 and 20.' The verses in question are:

"For the goodman is not at home, he is gone on a long journey.

"He hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the day appointed."

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I took my friend's advice, and within a week from that time, my digestion seemed perfect, I slept a sweet, refreshing sleep all night, and my heart quit its quivering and jumping. I have been steadily gaining in health and vitality right along."



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